GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all, to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas our trusty and well-beloved *William Thomson*, of our City of *London* Gent. hath by his Petition humbly represented unto us, That he having, with great Labour and Expence, collected and composed several Works of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, in order to be printed and published, entituled, ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, in two Volumes in *Octavo*, has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years, according to the Statute in that behalf made and provided: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statutes in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, grant unto him the said *William Thomson*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Licence, for the sole printing and publishing the said Works for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent, or Approbation of the said *William Thomson*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, the Master, Warden and Company of Stationers, are to take notice, that due Obedience may be rendred to Our Pleasure herein declared. Given at our Court at *St. James's*, the eleventh Day of *May*, 1733. in the sixth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

HARRINGTON.

ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

SCOTS SONGS.

Set to Muſick

BY

W. THOMSON.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at his Houſe in *Leiceſter-Fields.*

M.DCC.XXXIII.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

YOUR Majesty having graciously heard some of the following Songs, encouraged me to resolve on publishing

liſhing them; and makes me now preſume to lay them at Your Majeſty's Feet; which I do with all Duty and Reſpect.

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's
Moſt Obedient
and moſt Devoted
Humble Servant,

William Thomſon.

ON

Mr. *THOMSON*'s

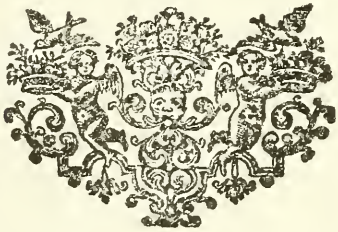
ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

YOU BEAUS and BELLES ſo fine and fair,
Here learn to love, and be ſincere;
True Paſſion Nature ſtill imparts,
Nor values Bodies without Hearts;
You falſly vow, and whine, and ſigh,
And make no Conſcience of a Lye;
Oh! How can BEAUS fair BELLES deceive?
Or why will BELLES fine BEAUS believe?

Love's brighteſt Flames warm *Scottiſh* Lads,
Tho' coolly clad in High-land Plads;
They ſcorn Brocade, who like the Laſs,
Nor need a Carpet, if there's Graſs;
With Pipe and Glee each Hill reſounds,
And Love that gives, can heal their Wounds.
The bonny *Laſs of* Peatie's *Mill*
Shews Wit's a Fool, when Nature will;
Who pities not the Swain's Deſpair,
That hears, *The Buſh a boon Traquair*:
Or him that loves, yet cannot ſay,
If *Beſſy Bell*, or *Mary Gray*?

Thus

Thus merrily they court the Fair,
And love and ſing in Northern Air:
Thus the gay Warblers of the Spring
From Spray to Spray do hop and ſing;
Kind Nature fills their little Throats,
With ſweet and unaffected Notes;
Their flutt'ring Wings to Love ſhe prunes,
Their Voices wild to Love ſhe tunes;
And all the Cares they ever prove,
Is Life, half Harmony, half Love.



THE

THE SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

A

THE *Duke of* Argyle.
The Duke of Athol.
The Dutchess of Athol.
The Earl of Albemarle.
Lady Betty Aislabie.
Lady Harriot Ashburnham.
Sir Thomas Aston, *Bart.*
Sir John Anstruther, *Bart.*
Lady Astley.
William Prichard Ashurst, *Esq;*
William Aislabie, *Esq;*
Robert Adair, *Esq;*
Austin Ashby, *Esq;*
Herbert Astley, *Esq;*
Miss Adams.
Miss Aikman.
John Ambrose, *Esq;*
Philip Aynscombe, *Esq;*
Mr. John Arbuthnot, *Banker in* Paris.
Mr. Andrews *of* Bristol.
Capt. John Aytoune.

B

The Duke of Bedford.
The Dutchess of Bedford, 2 *Sets.*
The Duke of Buccleugh, 3 *Sets.*
The Marquess of Bowmont.
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Lord Blantyre.
Lord Belhaven.
Lord Aubrey Beauclerk.
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Lady Buck.
Lady Blundell.
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William Bodvell, *Esq;*
George Bagnal, *Esq;*
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Shuckburgh Boughton, *Esq;*
Brook Boothby, *Esq;*
Devereux Bacon, *Esq;*
Thomas Badgen, *Esq;*
Nicholas Baily, *Esq;* 2 *Sets.*
George Bowes, *Esq,*
Charles Skrimpshire Boothby, *Esq;*
The Hon. Colonel Ballenden.

——— Butler, *Esq*;
Thomas Bowers, *Esq*;
Francis Barnard, *Esq*;
Richard Benyon, *Esq*;
Ballard Beckford, *Esq*;
James Bonnel, *Esq*;
William Blair, *Esq*;
E. Bayntun, *Esq*;
Charles Brent, *Gent.* 2 *Sets.*
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Mrs. Rebecca Briſtow.
Mr. James Baird.
Mr. Chriſtopher Baſſano.
Mr. F. Bailie.
Mr. James Bonar.
Mr. Alexander Boſwall, *Advocate.*
Mr. James Bruce, *Advocate.*
Mrs. Brudenell.
Mr. William Bogle.
John Butler, *M. D.*

C.

The Earl of Cheſterfield.
The Earl of Cardigan, 2 *Sets.*
The Earl of Cholmondeley.
Earl Cowper, 2 *Sets.*
The Earl of Cromertie.
Lady Cardigan.
Lord Chetwynd.
Lady Chetwynd,
Lady Ann Cecil.
Lady Mary Carmichael.
Lord Cranſton.
Baron Clark, 2 *Sets.*
Sir Jonathan Cope, *Bart.*
Lady Carteret.
Lady Curzon.
Sir James Cunynghame, *Bart.*
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John Clavering, *Esq*;
William Campbell, *Esq*;
James Cole, *Esq*;
Francis Carington, *Esq*;
David Cunynghame, *Esq*;
The Hon. Richard Cornwallis, *Esq*;
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Henry Cavendiſh, *Esq*;
John Crew, *jun. Esq*;
Patrick Craufurd, *jun. Esq*;
Kellond Courtenay, *Esq*;
Edward Coke, *Esq*;
Robert Coke, *Esq*;
The Hon. Francis Chartres, *Esq*;
Arthur Champernowne, *Esq*;
Benjamin Cole, *Esq*;
Lady Ann Conolly.
Robert Colvill, *Esq*;
Mrs. Cheveley.
Mr. John Crawford.
Mr. Henry Crawford *of* Fort St. George.
Mr. Hugh Clerk.
Mrs. Collins.
Mrs. Cocburn.

D.

The Duke of Devonſhire.
The Earl of Denbigh.
The Hon. Mrs. Duncombe.
Anthony Duncombe, *Esq*;
Lady Delves.
Lord Duplin.
Mrs. Dunch.
Simon Degge, *Esq*;
Mrs. Mary-Anne David.
The Hon. Colonel John Duncombe, 2 *Sets.*
John Dalby, *Esq*;
Mrs. Dunbar.
Major Duroure.
Hugh Dalrymple, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
Mrs. Margaret Dunbar.
Sherrington Davenport, *Esq*;
Miss Daſhwood.
Miss Denoon.
James Douglas, *Esq*;
Mrs. Mary-Anne Deane.
Henry D'Arcy, *Esq*;
Philip Dumouſtier, *Esq*;
Mr. John Dickſon, *Surgeon.*
Mr. George Drummond, *Advocate.*

E.

The Earl of Exeter.

The

The Countess of Exeter.
The Countess of Eglintoun, 4 *Sets.*
Lord Erskine.
Lady Frances Erskine.
The Musick-Society *at* Edinburgh, 10 *Sets.*
Mrs. Echlin.
Sir James Elphinstone, *Bart.*
Sir Joseph Eyles.
The Hon. George Evans, *Esq;*
William Elliot, *Esq;*
George Elliot, *Esq;*
Miss Elton.
Mrs. Edgar.
Charles Streater Ellis, *Esq;*
Richard Edwards, *Esq;*
Miss Eccleston.
Godfrey Echlin, *Esq;*
Mrs. Sybilla Egerton.
Mr. James Everet.

F.

Lord Falkland.
The Hon. Charles Fane, *Esq;*
The Hon. Mrs. Fortescue, 2 *Sets.*
Sir Arthur Forbes, *Bart.*
Charles Fletewood, *Esq;*
William Fownes, *Esq;* 2 *Sets.*
John Farquharson, *Esq;*
William Freeman, *Esq;*
Mrs. Fowke.
James Falconer *of* Mountown, *Esq;*
Richard Fowler, *Esq;*
Mrs. Eliza Forth.
John Falconer *of* Phesdo, *Esq;*
Mr. Robert Freebairn, 3 *Sets.*
William Fullerton, *M. D.*
Mr. Brice Fisher.
Mr. David Foulis.
Mr. John Festing.
Mr. Michael Christian Festing.
Mr. Hugh Forbes, *Advocate.*
Mr. William Feilde.

G.

Lord Guildford.
Lady Betty Germain.
Sir Thomas Grosvenor, *Bart.*
Sir John Gifford, *Bart.*
Burrington Goldsworthy, *Esq;* 2 *Sets*
Thomas Gordon, *Esq;*
Thomas Garnier, *Esq;*
Samuel Gumley, *Esq;*
Colonel Guest.
Alexander Geddes, *Esq;*
Miss Mary Gilbert, 2 *Sets.*
———Gordon, *Esq;*
Capt. Thomas Gilbert.
Miss Gordon.
John Gascoyne, *Esq;*
George Fitz-Gerald, *Esq;*
Joseph Gascoigne, *Esq;*
Mr. John Gambier.
Mr. Alexander Gordon.
Mr. Robert Glas.

H.

The Dutchess of Hamilton, 6 *Sets.*
The Duke of Hamilton, 5 *Sets.*
The Earl of Hartford.
The Countess of Hartford.
The Earl of Hume.
Lord How.
Lord Hobart.
Lord Hillsborough.
Lady Hillsborough.
Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley.
Lord Anne Hamilton.
Lord William Hamilton.
Lady Susan Hamilton, 2 *Sets.*
Lady Charlot Hamilton.
Sir Thomas Hobby, *Bart.*
Newburgh Hamilton.
Henry Harpur, *Esq;* 2 *Sets.*
John Hayes, *Esq;*
Richard Herbert, *Esq;*
Alexander Harvey, *Esq;*
John Harpur, *Esq;*
Thomas Hall, *Esq;*
Mrs. Strangeways Horner.
Alexander Hay *of* Drumellier, *Esq;*
William Hay, *Esq;*
Henry Arthur Herbert, *Esq;*
William Hall, *Esq;*
Richard Hoare, *Esq;* 5 *Sets.*

The Hon. John Hart, *Esq*;
Thomas Hamilton, *Esq*;
Mrs. Jane Hanger.
Charles Handasyd, *Esq*;
John Hay, *Esq*;
Thomas Heath, *Esq*;
Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter.
Capt. Robert Hudson, *jun.*
Alexander Hume, *Esq*;
Heron Hart, *Esq*,
Joseph Andreise Hodges, *Esq*;
The Hon. Colonel Roger Handasyd.
Basil Hamilton, *Esq*;
Nathaniel Hickman, *Esq*;
The Hon. Robert Hunter, *Esq*;
James Halden, *Esq*;
John Hylton, *Esq*;
The Hon. Charles Howard, *Esq*;
Jacob Houblon, *Esq*;
Mr. Thomas Harrison.
Mr. Nathaniel Hills.
Mr. Joseph Hiscox.

I.

The Earl of Inchiquin.
The Hon. James Johnston, *Esq*;
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Ralph Jenison, *Esq*;
James Joy, *Esq*;
Theodore Jacobsen, *Esq*;
Archibald Inglis *of* Auchindenny, *Esq*;
Isaac Jamineau, *Esq*;

K.

The Duke of Kent.
The Duke of Kingston.
The Earl of Kintore.
Lord Viscount Killmorey.
Lady Kilmorey.
Lord Viscount Kenmure.
Lord Kinsale.
Colonel Kennedy.
The Hon. John King, *Esq*;
Mrs. King.
Capt. Reginald Kemeys.

L.

The Duke of Leeds, 7 *Sets.*
The Dutchess of Leeds, 2 *Sets.*
The Earl of Loudon.
The Countess of Londonderry.
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The Hon. Charles Leslie, *Esq*;
The Hon. Andrew Leslie, *Esq*;
Sir Berkeley Lucy, *Bart.*
Sir Thomas Lowther, *Bart.*
William Lewis le Grand, *Esq*;
The Hon. Thomas Lyon, *Esq*;
Mrs. Le Grand.
John Lethieullier, *Esq*;
Manning Lethieullier, *Esq*;
George Lockhart, *Esq*;
Mrs. Lockwood.
Mrs. Ann Lacon.
Edward le Grand, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
Richard Lucas, *Esq*;
Daniel Lock, *Esq*;
William Lock, *Esq*;
John Lewis, *Esq*;
Miss Le Grand.
Miss Lally.
Miss Lingard, 2 *Sets.*
John Letebure, *Esq.*
Mr. William Lindsay, 3 *Sets.*
Mr. John Lauder, 2 *Sets.*
Mr. Gabriel Lepipre.
Mr. Edward Lee, *jun.*
Mr. James Lowe, 2 *Sets.*
Mr. William Livingston.

M.

The Dutchess of Marlborough.
The Duke of Montrose.
The Dutchess of Montrose.
The Earl of Morton.
The Earl of Marchmont.
The Countess of Murray.
The Earl of Montrath.
Lord Viscount Muskerry.
Lord Mordaunt.
Lady Murray.

Lady

Lady Mainwaring.
Lady Margaret Montgomery.
Lady Bab. Mansel.
Sir William Maxwell *of* Monreeth, *Bart.*
Kenneth Mackenzie, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
John Edmund Misaubin, *Esq*;
William Morehead, *Esq*; 5 *Sets.*
Mrs. Morehead.
Peter Mallorty, *Esq*;
The Hon. Colonel Robert Murray.
The Hon. Colonel Thomas Murray.
The Hon. John Mordaunt, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
The Hon. Colonel Montagu.
The Hon. Patrick Murray, *Esq*;
William Murray, *Esq*; *of* Oughtertyre.
James Madan, *Esq*;
Robert Myre, *Esq*;
William Myre, *Esq*;
Edward Munday, *Esq*;
Mrs. Meynell, 2 *Sets.*
Edward Mainwaring, *Esq*;
John Pepper Medlicot, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
George Maddison, *Esq*;
Richard Meggot, *Esq*;
Mrs. Sarah Morgan.
Amos Meredith, *Esq*;
Capt. Robert Mead.
Capt. Samuel Martin.
Mrs. Ann Mills.
Mrs. Muilman.
Mrs. Meredith.
John Morgan, *Esq*;
George M^c^Enzie. *Esq*;
David Mallet, *Esq*;
John Mitchelsone *of* Midletoun, *Esq*;
Peter des Maizeaux, *Esq*;
Patrick Murray, *Esq*;
The Hon. Samuel Masham, *Esq*;
Mr. Henry Mc Cullok.
Mr. John Murray.
Mr. Thomas Mylne.
Mr. William Mc Gibbon.
Mr. John Mc Gill, *Surgeon in* Edinburgh.
Mr. William Maitland.

N.

The Duke of Newcastle.
The Dutchess of Norfolk.
Sir Michael Newton.
Richard Nash, *Esq*;
Samuel Newton, *Esq*;
William Nairne, *Esq*;
Robert Needham, *Esq*;
Miss Nash.
Charles Newton, *Esq*;
Peter Nepveu, *Esq*;
John Neale, *Esq*;
William Neale, *Esq*;

O.

The Earl of Oxford.
The Countess of Oxford.
The Earl of Orrery.
The Rt. Hon. Arthur Onslow, *Esq*;
William Ogle, *Esq*;
George Ogle, *Esq*;

P.

The Earl of Plymouth.
The Countess of Plymouth.
The Earl of Portmore.
The Countess of Pembroke.
Lord Percival.
The Hon. Mrs. Page.
The Rt. Hon. William Pulteney, *Esq*;
Lady Philippa Pratt.
The Hon. Colonel Pyot.
Sir Herbert Packington, *Bart.*
Richard Powis, *Esq*;
Thomas Pitt, *Esq*;
Thomas Powis, *Esq*; 2 *Sets.*
Miss Pyne.
German Pole, *Esq*;
——— Popham, *Esq*;
William Patton, *Esq*;
Miss Patton, 4 *Sets.*
Mrs. Pitt.
Capt. Richard Pidgeon.

Thomas Prowſe, *Eſq*;
Mr. James Pringle.
Mr. Walter Pringle.
Mr. John Porterfield, *Advocate.*

Q.

The Duke of Queensberry.
The Dutcheſs of Queensberry.

R.

The Dutcheſs of Richmond.
The Duke of Rutland.
The Earl of Rothes.
Sir Thomas Robinſon, *Bart.*
Lady Rich.
Thomas Rolt, *Eſq*; 2 *Sets.*
William Richardſon, *Eſq*;
James Rochefort, *Eſq*;
Edward Repington, *jun. Eſq*;
Monſieur Reichenbach.
Charles Rigby, *Eſq*;
Philip Roberts, *Eſq*;
Andrew Reid, *Eſq*;
James Roſs, *Eſq*; *of* Portdeveaux.
Mr. John Richter.
Mr. Allan Ramſay.

S.

The Marqueſs of Seafort, 6 *Sets.*
The Earl of Sunderland.
The Counteſs of Sunderland, 2 *Sets.*
The Earl of Strathmore, 6 *Sets.*
The Earl of Stair.
The Earl of Shaftesbury.
Baron Sparre, 2 *Sets.*
The Right Hon. Lady Betty Seymour.
Lady Somerville.
Sir Archibald Stuart, *Bart.*
Sir George Stewart, *Bart.*
Sir Robert Smith, *Bart.*
Sir Harry Singsby, *Bart.*
The Hon. Sir William Stanhope, *Knt. of the* Bath.
James Stuart, *Eſq*;
The Hon. Mrs. Southwell.
Miſs Skerret.
The Hon. John Spencer, *Eſq*; 4 *Sets.*
The Hon. George Shirley, *Eſq*;
The Rt. Hon. Oliver St. George, *Eſq*;
John Steuart, *Eſq*; 2 *Sets.*
Mrs. Stark.
The Hon. Mrs. Somerville.
John Snow, *Eſq*;
The Rt. Hon. Edward Southwell, *Eſq*;
Mrs. Strode, 2 *Sets.*
Hugh Scott, *Eſq*;
James Stapleton, *Eſq*;
The Hon. Charles Stanhope, *Eſq*;
William Scott, *Eſq*;
Miſs Sandilands.
Henry Shelley, *Eſq*;
Thomas Samwell, *Eſq*;
Miles Stapylton, *Eſq*;
Richard Spencer, *Eſq*;
The Hon. John Stanhope, *Eſq*;
Philip Southcott, *Eſq*;
Mrs. Elizabeth Southwell.
Mr. John Swinhoe.
Mr. Alexander Stewart.

T.

The Counteſs of Tankerville.
Lord Tullamoore.
Lady Tyrawley.
The Hon. Brigadier Tyrrel.
Sir Edmund Thomas, *Bart.*
Mrs. Treby.
David Threipland, *Eſq*;
John Tayleur, *Eſq*;
Pate Thorowgood, *Eſq*; 2 *Sets.*
John Tothill, *Eſq*;
Capt. Roger Tublay.
Miſs Turner.

V.

Sir Charles Vernon.
George Venables Vernon, *Eſq*; 6 *Sets.*
Mrs. Vanham.
The Hon. William Vane, *Eſq*;

W.

The SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

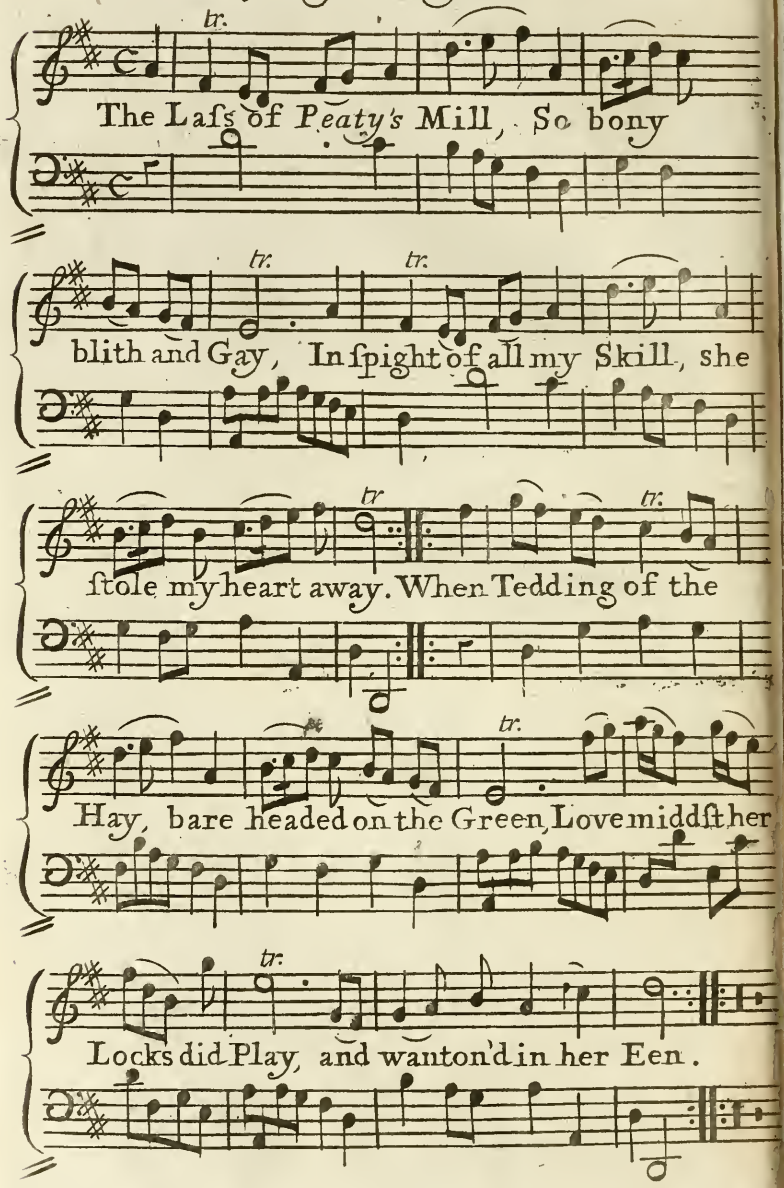
W.

The Earl of Wemyſs.
The Counteſs of Wemyſs.
Lady Robert Walpole.
Lady Walpole.
Lady Walters.
John Wauchop, *Eſq*;
Worth Watſon, *Eſq*;
Solomon White, *Eſq*;
Robert Waller, *Eſq*;
General Wade.
Thomas Weldon, *Eſq*;
Peter Warren, *Eſq*;
James Watſon *of* Sauchton, *Eſq*;
Watkin Williams Wynne, *Eſq*;
Mrs. Waller.
Andrew Wauchop *of* Niddrie, *Eſq*;
Nat. Wetenhall, *Eſq*;
Capt. David Wilkie.
The Hon. Henry Windſor, *Eſq*;
Edward Wortley, *Eſq*;
Thomas Wollaſcot, *Eſq*;
Anthony Welden, *Eſq*;
Thomas Watts, *Eſq*;
Mr. William Wood.
Mr. Thomas Whitehorne, *Surgeon*.
Mr. William Waller.
Mr. Charles Weideman.
Mr. John Wright.
Mr. Dudley Woodbridge.
Mr. John Walkinſhaw.
Mr. Walſh, 2 *Sets*.

Y.

Sir William Yonge, *Bart*.

The Lass of Peaty's Mill



ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

VOL. I.

I.

The Laſs of Peaty's *Mill.*

THE Laſs of *Peaty*'s Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpight of all my skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

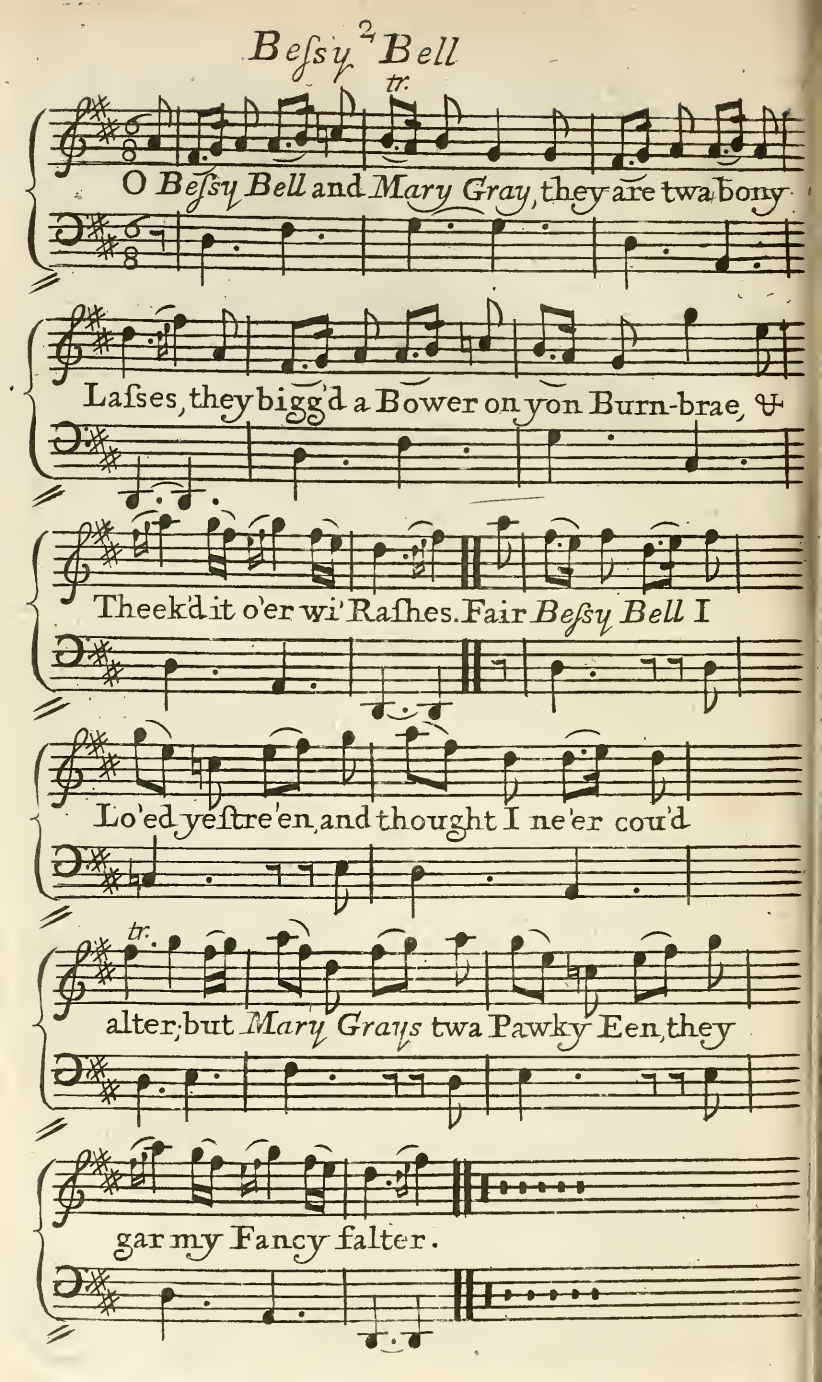
Her Arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,

To Age it would give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extaſy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs.

Without the help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The Laſs of *Peaty*'s Mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

Beſsy Bell


tr.
O Beſsy Bell and Mary Gray, they are twa bony
Laſses, they bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae, &
Theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes. Fair Beſsy Bell I
Lo'ed yeſtre'en, and thought I ne'er cou'd
tr.
alter; but Mary Grays twa Pawky Een, they
gar my Fancy falter.

II.

Beſſy Bell *and* Mary Gray.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet's fu' genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command;
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s Locks are like the *Craw*,
Her Een like Diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at will,
She blooming tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray,*
Ye unco ſair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee between you twa
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes;
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

The Bush aboon Traquair

tr. tr.

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev=ry Swain, I'll

tell how *Pegg=y* grieves me, Tho' thus I languish,

tr. tr.

thus complain, alas! she ne'er be=lieves me. My

tr.

Vows and Sighs like si=lent air, unheeded never

tr.

mo=ve her, at the bony Bush aboon *Tra=*

tr.

=quair, twas there I first did Lo'e her.

III.

The Buſh aboon Traquair.

HEar me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought my ſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

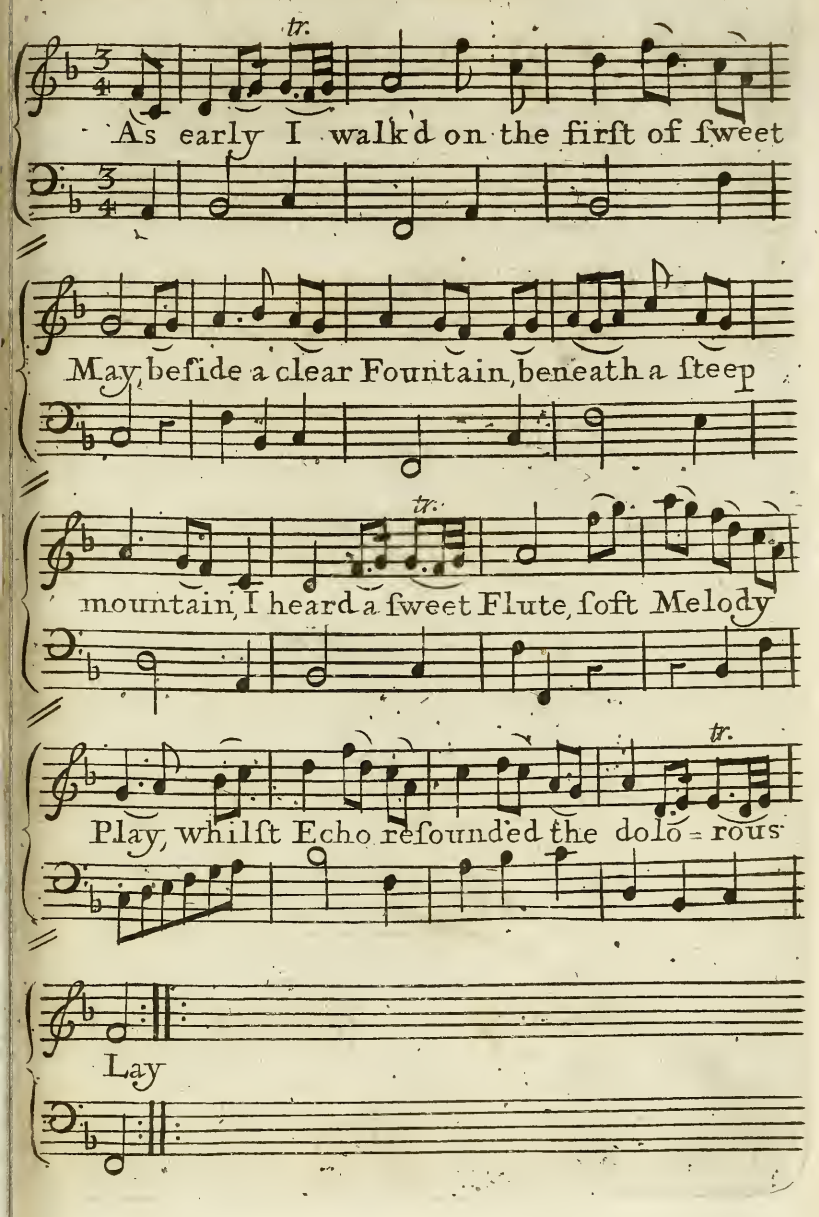
Yet now ſhe ſcornful flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

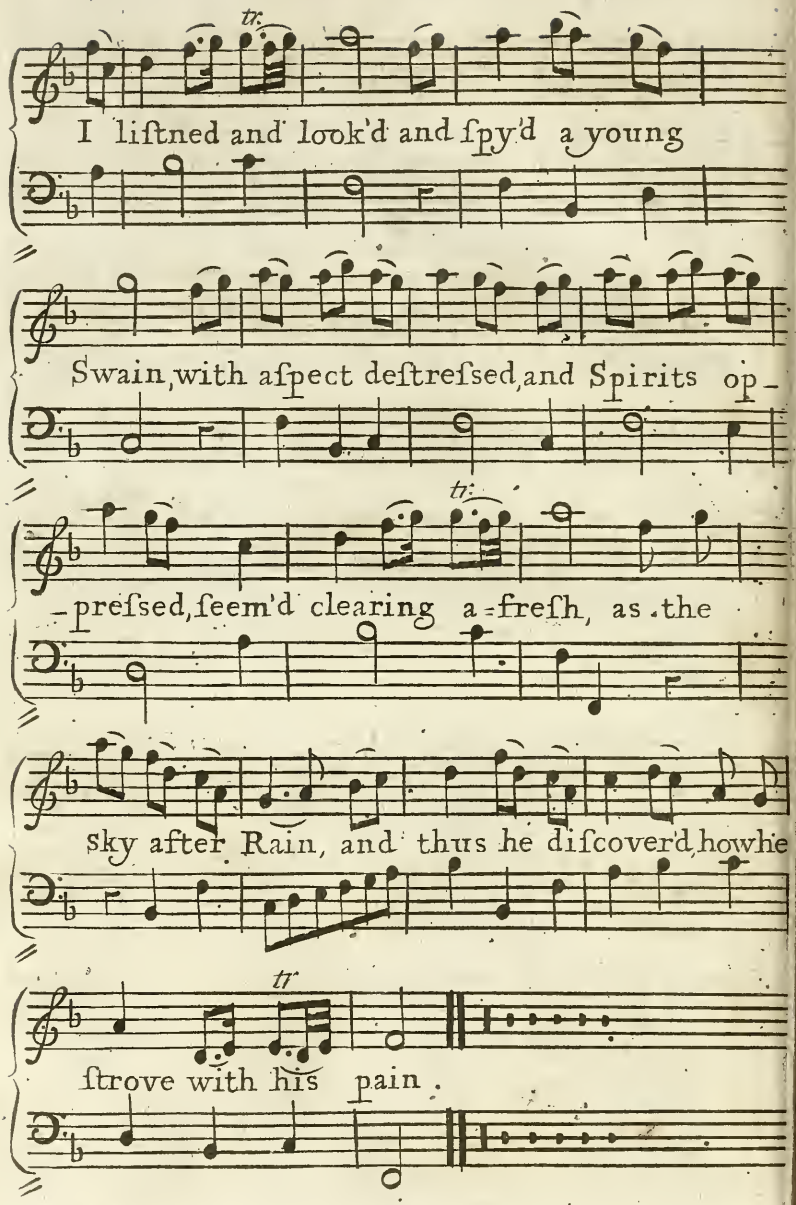
The

The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*.
  Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
  It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
  Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
  Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Despair,
  My Passion no more tender,
I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
  To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

Throw the Wood Laddie




tr.
I liſtned and look'd and ſpy'd a young
Swain, with aſpect deſtreſsed, and Spirits op-
tr.
-preſsed, ſeem'd clearing a-freſh, as the
sky after Rain, and thus he diſcover'd, howhe
tr
ſtrove with his pain.

IV.
Throw the Wood Ladie.

AS early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet *May*,
Beſide a clear Fountain,
Beneath a ſteep Mountain,
I heard a ſweet Flute ſoft Melody play,
Whilſt *Echo* reſounded the dolorous Lay.
I liſt'ned and look'd, and ſpy'd a young Swain,
With Aſpect diſtreſſed,
And Spirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, as the Sky after Rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrove with his Pain.

Tho' *Cloris* be coy, why ſhou'd I repine,
That a Nymph much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me,
In her Rank of Merit I never can ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine:
No, henceforth Eſteem ſhall bridle Deſire,
And in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection;
No Spark of Self-love ſhall blaze in my Fire,
Then where is the Swain can more humbly admire.

When Paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my Breaſt,
Then quiet returning,
Shall huſh all my Mourning: And

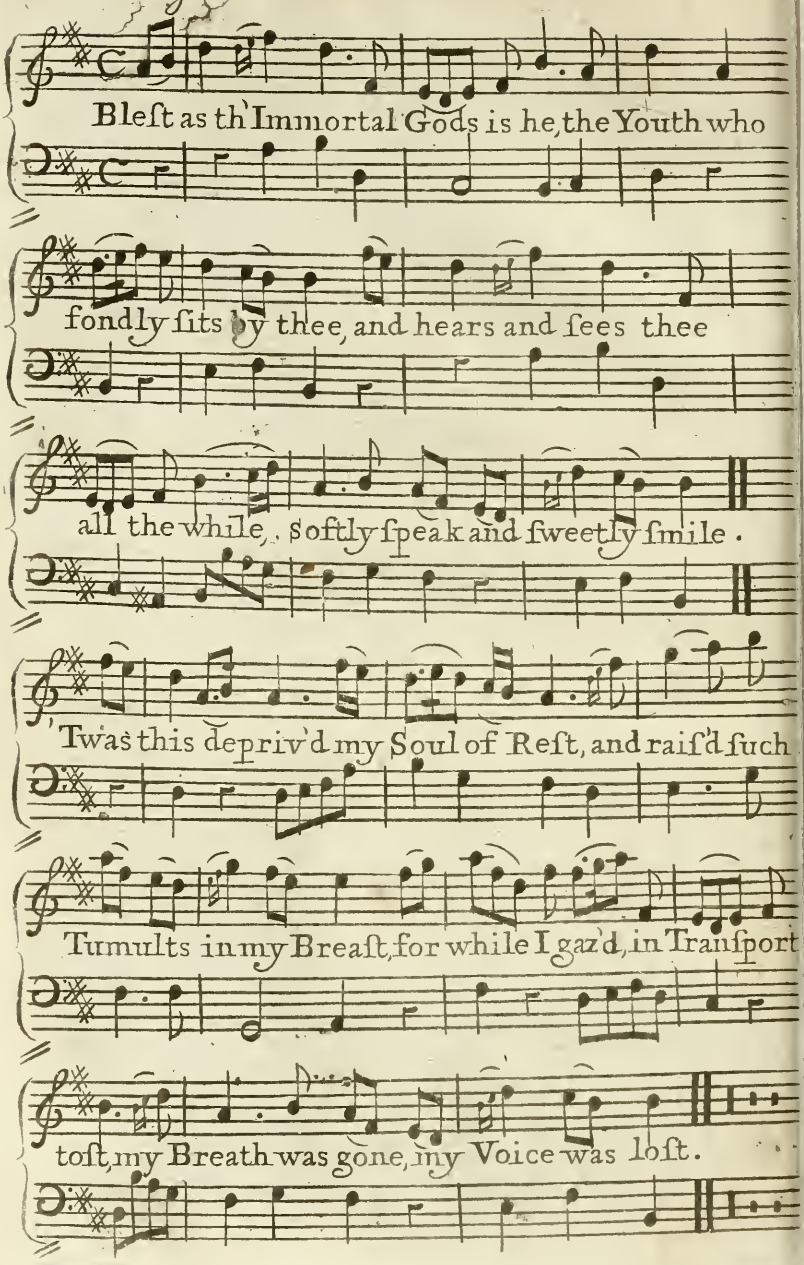
And Lord of myſelf, in abſolute reſt,
I'll hug the Condition that Heaven thinks beſt.
Thus Friendſhip unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
May yet be reſpected,
Tho' Love is rejected :
And *Cloris* muſt own, tho' ſhe ſtill proves unkind,
That there is no ſuch Friend as a Lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate Swain, who hereafter ſhall ſue,
With happy Endeavour,
To gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what to *Cloris* is due,
Be ſtill more deſerving and never leſs true.
Whilſt I diſingag'd from Wiſhes and Fears,
Tranquillity taſting,
On Liberty feaſting,
In hopes of ſure Bliſs ſhall paſs my few Years,
And long to eſcape from this Valley of Tears.

Ye Powers that preſide over virtuous Love,
Now aid me with Patience,
To bear my Vexations,
With noble Deſigns my winged Heart move,
With Sentiments pureſt my Notions improve.
If e'er my young Heart be caught in Love's Chain,
May Prudence direct me,
And Courage protect me,
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
That grew happily wiſe, after loving in vain.

V.

Bleſt as th' Immortal Gods.



V.

Bleſt as the Immortal Gods.

BLeſt as th'Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while,
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.
'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt.

My Boſom glow'd, the ſubtile Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame,
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung;
In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and died away.

VI.

The laſt time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Powers! what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:

The Laſt time I came o'er the Moor

The laſt time I came o'er the Moor, I left my

Love behind me, ye Pow'rs what pain do I en=

=dure, when ſoft Ide=as in mind me. Soon as the ruddy

Morn diſplay'd, the beaming Day enſu=ing, I met be

=times my Lovely maid, in fit retreats for wooing.

Yet Hopes again to ſee my Love,
  To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at diſtance move,
  In proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
  To let a Rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in every Grace,
  In her my Love ſhall center.
The Sea ſhall ſooner ceaſe to flow,
  Its Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
  Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
  She ſhall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
  Tho' I left her behind me;
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain,
  My Heart to her fair Boſom,
And while my Being does remain,
  My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

VII.
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-trees grow.

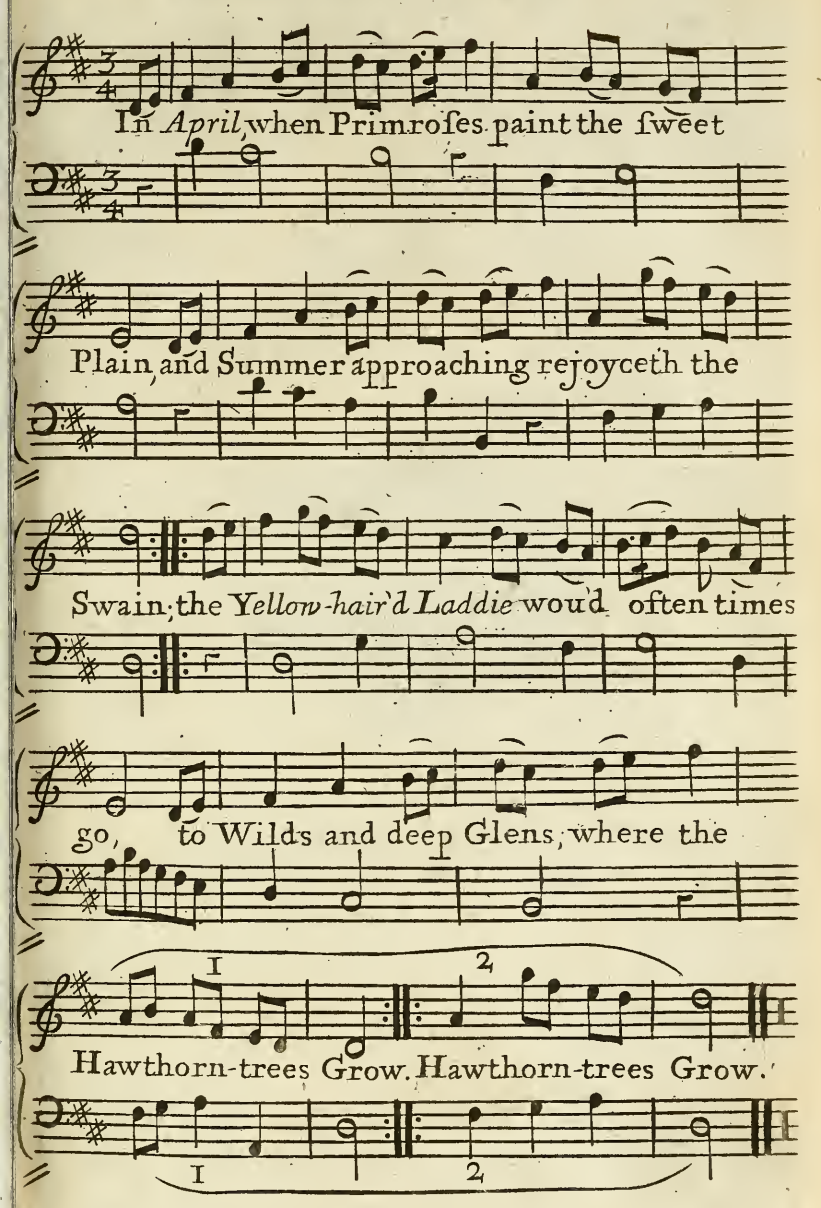
There, under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a Sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus ſung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud Air;
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth:
But *Suſie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

That

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie



That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great
Dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſow'r :
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his Miſtreſs might be.

VIII.

VIII.
The bonny SCOT.

To the Tune of, *The Boat-Man.*

YE Gales, that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*-Man:
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate,
Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuſe in *Highland* Glens
To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little Ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot*-Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae

The Bonny Scot

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, and please y

can=ny Boat man, bear me frae hence, or bring to

me, my brave my bonny *Scot* man. in ha=ly bands we

Joyn'd our hands, yet may not this disco=ver while

Parents rate, a large Estate, before a faithfull

Lover.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*-Man.

IX.

COLIN *and* GRISY *parting.*

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

WIth broken Words, and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And, parting with his *Griſy*, crys,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.
To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.
The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear

Wae's my Heart that we shou'd sunder

With broken words, and down cast Eyes, poor

Colin spoke his passion tender, and parting with his

Grissy cries, ah wae's my heart that we shou'd sunder

to others I am cold as snow, but kindle with thine

Eyes like Tinder, from thee with pain I'm forc'd to

go; it breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
  You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
  Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear Laſs,
  That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
  We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

X.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

O *The Broom, the bonny Broom,*
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were at hame again,
To milk my Daddy's Ews.

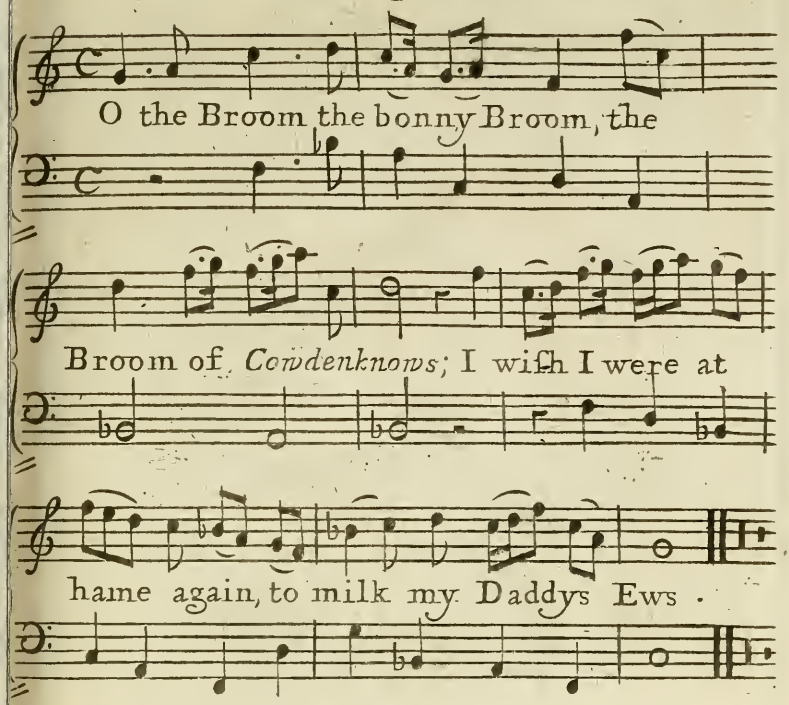
How blyth ilk Morn was I to ſee,
The Swain come o'er the Hill!
He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me:
I met him with good Will.
O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb
While his Flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en,
And chear'd me a' the Day.
O the Broom, &c.

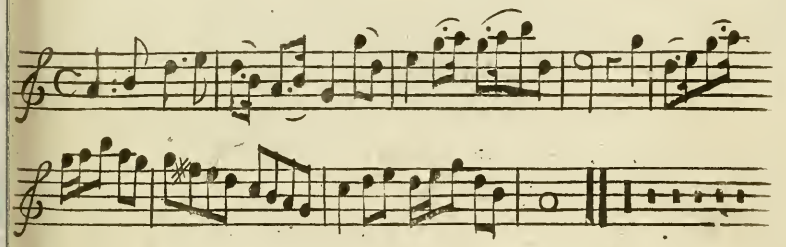
He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſae ſweet,
The Birds ſtood liſt'ning by:
E'en the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.
O the Broom, &c.

While

The Broom of Cowdenknows



For the German Flute



While thus we ſpent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play:
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho' ne'er ſo rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain,
That ever yet was born.
O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be;
He ſtaw my Heart: cou'd I refuſe,
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the Broom, &c.

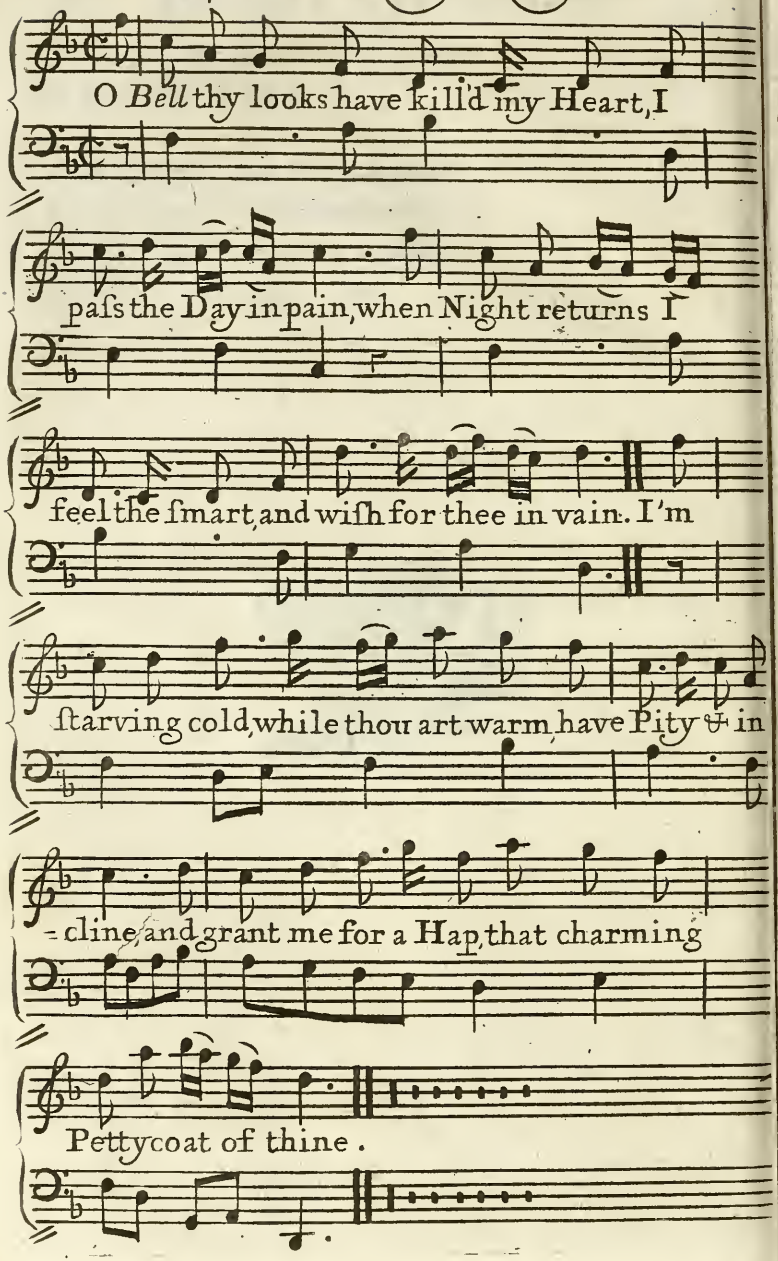
My Doggie, and my crooked Stick,
May now lie uſeleſs by,
My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,
That held my Wee Soup Whey.
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu;
Farewell a' Pleaſures there;

Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows:
I wish I were at hame again,
To milk my Daddy's Ews.

Come hap me with thy Pettycoat



XI.

Come hap me with thy Petticoat.

O *BELL*, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain;
When Night returns, I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charming Petticoat of hine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways,
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.

Oh! turn and let Compaſſion ſeize
  That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat could give me eaſe,
  If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight,
  That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Law to ſlight,
  By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Powers of Love agree,
  At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
  From ev'ry Charm of thine.

Bonny Christy

How ſweetly ſmells the Simmer green; ſweet
taſte the Peach and Cherry; Painting and order
pleaſe our Een, and Claret makes us merry: but
fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flow'rs, and wine tho'
I be thirſty, loſe a' their Charms and weaker
Pow'rs compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

XII.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the Simmer Green!
Sweet taſte the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order pleaſe our Een,
And Claret makes us merry:
But fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Conſort chanting?
But f my *Chriſty* tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration;
My Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,

And

And aften mint to make Advance,
  Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman:
But, dubious of my ain Deſert,
  My Sentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
  For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blat e *Edie* by a Burn,
  His *Chriſty* did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
  But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her Favour with a Look,
  Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white Minute took,
  And flang his Arms about her.

My *Chriſty!* —— witneſs, bonny Stream,
  Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may nae be a Dream;
  O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for Tauk;
  This Point of a' his Wiſhes
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
  But war'd it a' on Kiſſes.

Scornfu. Nansy

There's Nansy's to the *Green Wood* gane, to hear

Gowdspink chat'ring, and *Willy's* follow'd her a-

-lane, to gain her love by Flatt'ring. but a-that

he cou'd say or doe, she snuft and snarl'd at

him, and ay when he began to woo, She bad him

mind wha gat him.

XIII.

Scornfu' Nancy.

N*Anſy*'s to the *Green Wood* gane,
To hear the Gowdſpink chat'ring;
And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
To gain her Love by flat'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
My Minny or my Aunty?
With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
A Ha' Houſe and a Pantry:
A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy;
And ay until the Day he died,
He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and wander on your Snout,
Wad ye hae bonny *Nanſy?*
Wad ye compare ye'r ſel' to me,
A Docken till a Tanſie?
I have a Wooer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny Mou
Is ſweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow *Nanſy*, what needs a' this Din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy?*
I'm ſure the chief of a' his Kin
Was *Rab* the Beggar randy:
His minny *Meg* upo' her Back
Bare baith him and his *Billy*;
Will he compare a naſty Pack
To me your winſome *Willy?*

My

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
  Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
  It is baith stout and trusty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
  Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
  That he shall get a Heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
  And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
  I ken he disna fear ye:
Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,
  Set somewhere else your fancy;
For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the Fore,
  Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

XIV.
The Highland Laddie.

O *My bonny bonny* Highland *Laddie,*
O my bonny bonny Highland *Laddie,*
When I was ſick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland *Plaidy.*

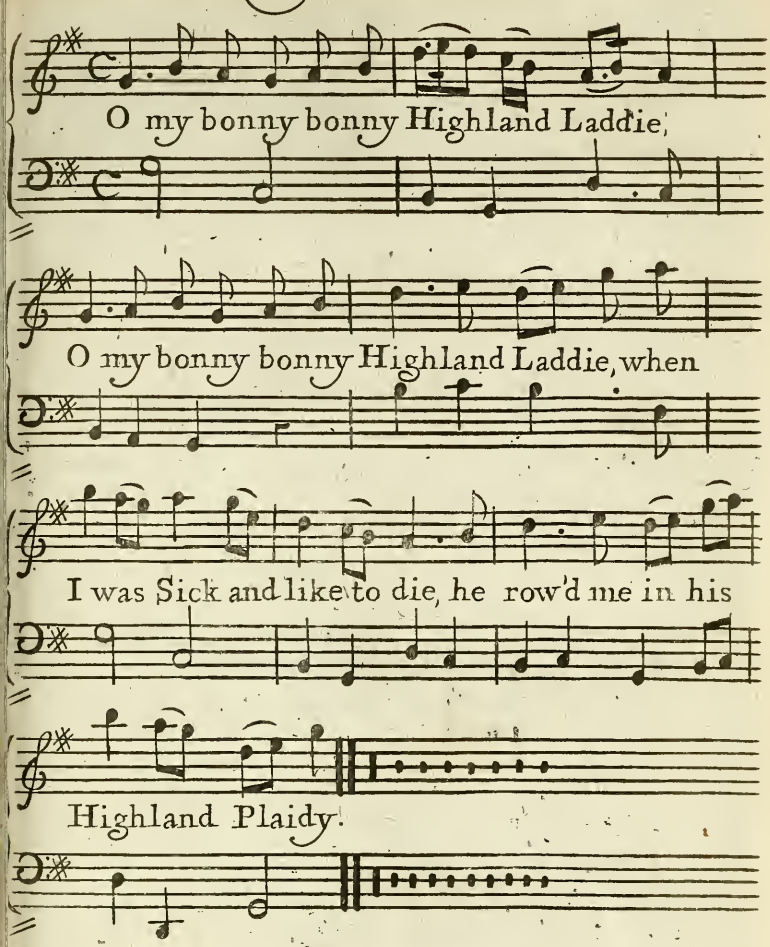
The *Lawland* Lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that graceſu' Mien,
And manly Looks of my *Highland* Laddie?
O my bonny, &c.

If I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt *Lawland* Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The Braweſt Beau in Borrows-town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er

The Highland Laddie



O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* Kin and Dady.
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and ſilken Bed,
May pleaſe a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad
Behind a Buſh in's *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my *Highland* Laddie.

O my bonny bonny Highland *Laddie*,
O my bonny bonny Highland *Laddie*,
When I was ſick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland *Plaidy*.

XV.

XV.

Blink o'er the Burn.

AS gentle Turtle Dove,
By cooing ſhews Deſire,
As Ivys Oak do love,
And twining round aſpire:
So I my *Betty* love,
So I my *Betty* woo,
I coo as coos the Dove,
And twine as Ivys do.

Her Kiſs is ſweet as Spring,
Like *June* her Boſom's warm,
The *Autumn* ne'er did bring,
By half, ſo ſweet a Charm.
As living Fountains do
Their Favours ne'er repent,
So *Betty*'s Bleſſings grow,
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends, ſweet *Betty*,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Aſſur'd thy Servant is ſteddy
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.

Blink O'er the Burn

As Gentle Turtle Doves, By Cooing ſhew de

=ſire, As I=vy Oaks do love, in Twining

do aſpire. So I my *Bet=ty* Love; so I my

Bet=ty woo, I Coo, as Coos a Dove, and

Twine as I=vy doe.

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
  May fly, by chance as they came;
They're Grounds the Deſtinies ſport on,
  But Vertue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
  Thy Charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
  I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear.
And ſhou'd Life's Sorrows embitter,
  The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
  Than moan aſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
  To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſped! and kiſſed!
  And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
  Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
Tho' Death ſhou'd tear me to pieces,
  I'd die a Martyr to Love.

XVI.

XVI.
TWEED-SIDE.

WHat Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh,
The Black-bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?
Do they never careleſſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep.

Tweed's

Tweed Side

tr.

What Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe, how

ſweet are her ſmiles upon *Tweed*, yet *Mary's* ſtill

ſweeter than thoſe, both Nature and Fancy exceed.

No Daiſie, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe, nor all y gay

Flowers of the Field, nor *Tweed* Gliding gently thro

thoſe, ſuch Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

XVII.

Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft times heard her ſay,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.
Falſe Shepherds, that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold Heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! *the Cauſe of my Mourning.*
But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know,
That I have lov'd him ſo:
Then on my pale Cheek no Bluſhes will ſhow,
That Love was the Cauſe of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were ſcarce cloſed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, oh Heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! *the Cauſe of my Mourning.*

Reſtore

Love is the Cause of my Mourning

By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess

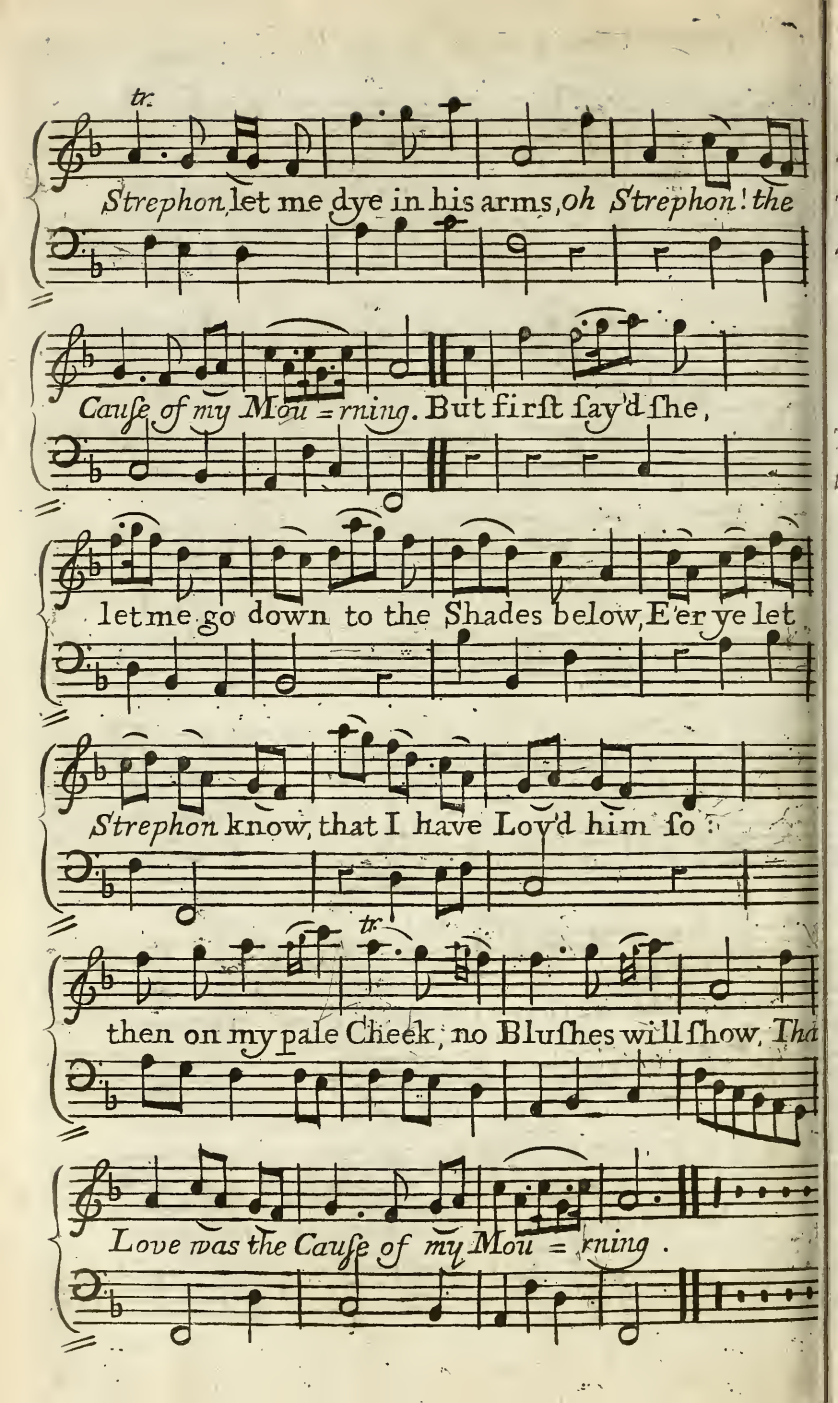
Lay, be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her

say, tell *Strephon* I dye, if he passes this way, *And that*

Love is the Cause of my Mou = rning. False Shepherds y

tell me of Beauty and Charms, you deceive me, for

Strephon's cold heart never warms; yet bring me this


tr.
Strephon, let me dye in his arms, oh Strephon! the
Cauſe of my Mou = rning. But firſt ſay'd ſhe,
let me go down to the Shades below, E'er ye let
Strephon know, that I have Lov'd him ſo:
tr.
then on my pale Cheek, no Bluſhes will ſhow, Tha
Love was the Cauſe of my Mou = rning.

Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs uſe your Art;
They ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdeſs' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with Mourning.*

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade.

Then on her cold ſnowy Breaſt leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with Mourning.*

XVIII.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty Heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes *Willy*'s kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt every Day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thouſand Tranſports croud his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:

Riches

Bonny Jean

Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, said, *Cu-pid*,

bend thy Bow with speed, nor let the shaft at Random

tr.

rove for *Jeany's* haughty Heart must bleed. The

smiling Boy, with divine art, from *Paphos* shot an

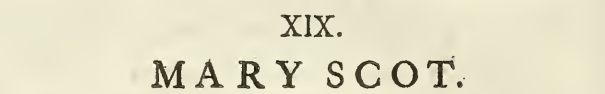
Arrow keen, which flew unerring to the Heart, and

killd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*.

The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which ev'n in Summer ſhortned ſeems;
When ſunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

XIX.



XIX.

MARY SCOT.

HAppy's the Love which meets return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn.
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torments of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Yarrow?*

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow.*

Be huſh, ye Fears, I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary*'s tender as ſhe's fair;

The

Mary Scot

How happy's the Love which meets return, when

in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn, but words are

wanting to diſcover, the Torments of a hopeleſs

Lover. Ye Regiſters of Heav'n, relate, if looking

o'er the Rolls of Fate, did you then ſee me mark'd as

Marrow to *Mary Scot* the flower of *Yarrow*!

Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradiſe on *Yarrow*.

XX.

XX.

The Mill, Mill — O.

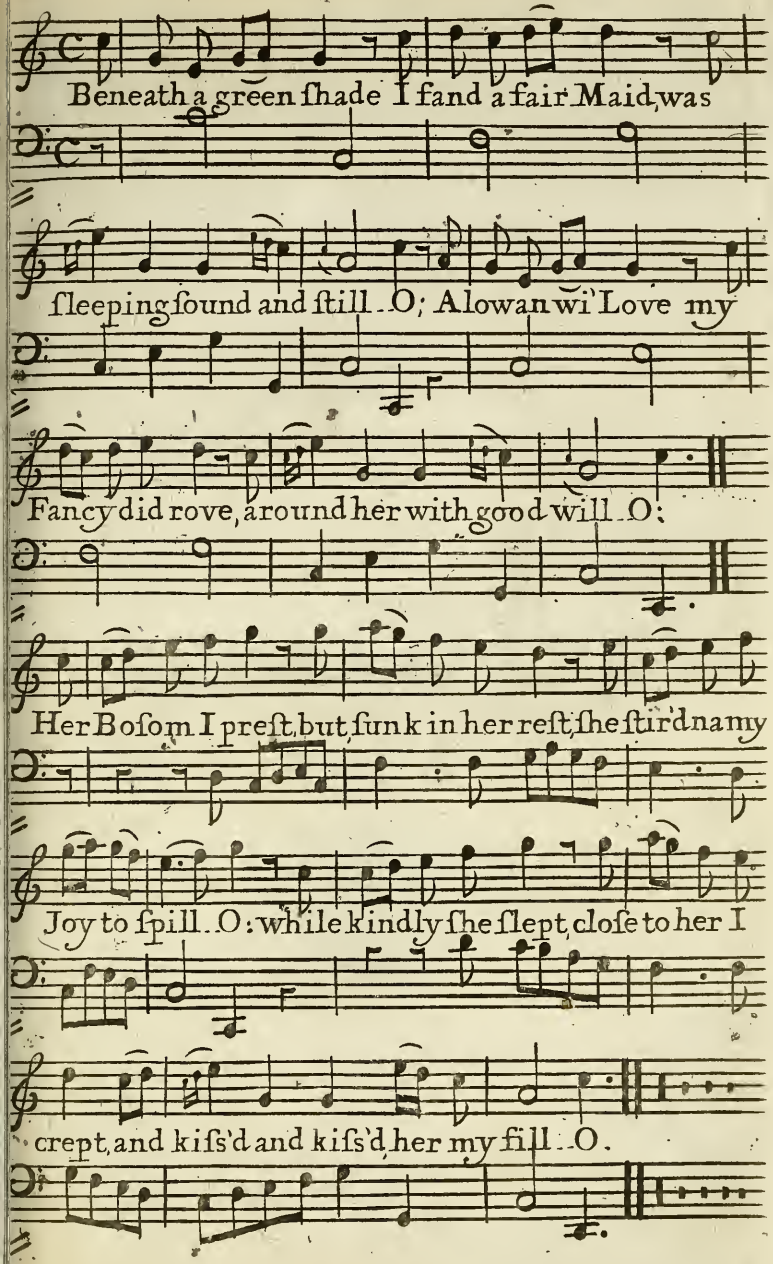
BEneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill — O;
A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will — O:
Her Boſom I preſt; but, ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtird na my Joy to ſpill — O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill — O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill — O,
Frae her quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame,
Tald me with a Voice right ſhrill — O,
My Laſs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell — O.

Wi'

The Mill, Mill O.



Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell —O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a' Fears expel — O;
And nae more look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell — O.

My bonny ſweet Laſs on the gowany Graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill — O*,
If I did Offence, I'ſe make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy*'s Mill — O.

O the Mill, Mill — O, and the Kill, Kill — O,
And the cogging of the Wheel — O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel — O.

XXI.

JOHNNY *and* NELLY.

JOHNNY.

THO' for ſeven Years and mair, Honour ſhou'd reave me,
To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee:
For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented;
And Love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Dareſt, believe me.

NELLY.

O *Johnny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye diſcover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe Rover;
And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My *Nelly*, let never ſic Fancies oppreſs ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly careſs ye:
Your

Johnny and Nelly

Johnny

Tho' for ſeven Years and mair, honour ſhou'd

reave me, to Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na

grieve thee, for deep in my Spirit thy ſweets are in-

-dented, and Love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has Im

Chorus

-printed. *Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,*

Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,

gang the world as it will deareſt believe me.

gang the world as it will deareſt believe me.

Your blooming ſaft Beauties firſt beeted Love's Fire,
Your Vertue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Johnny*, I frankly this minute allow ye,
To think me your Miſtreſs, for Love gars me trow ye,
And gin ye prove fauſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid Iceſhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

XXII.
Katherine Ogie.

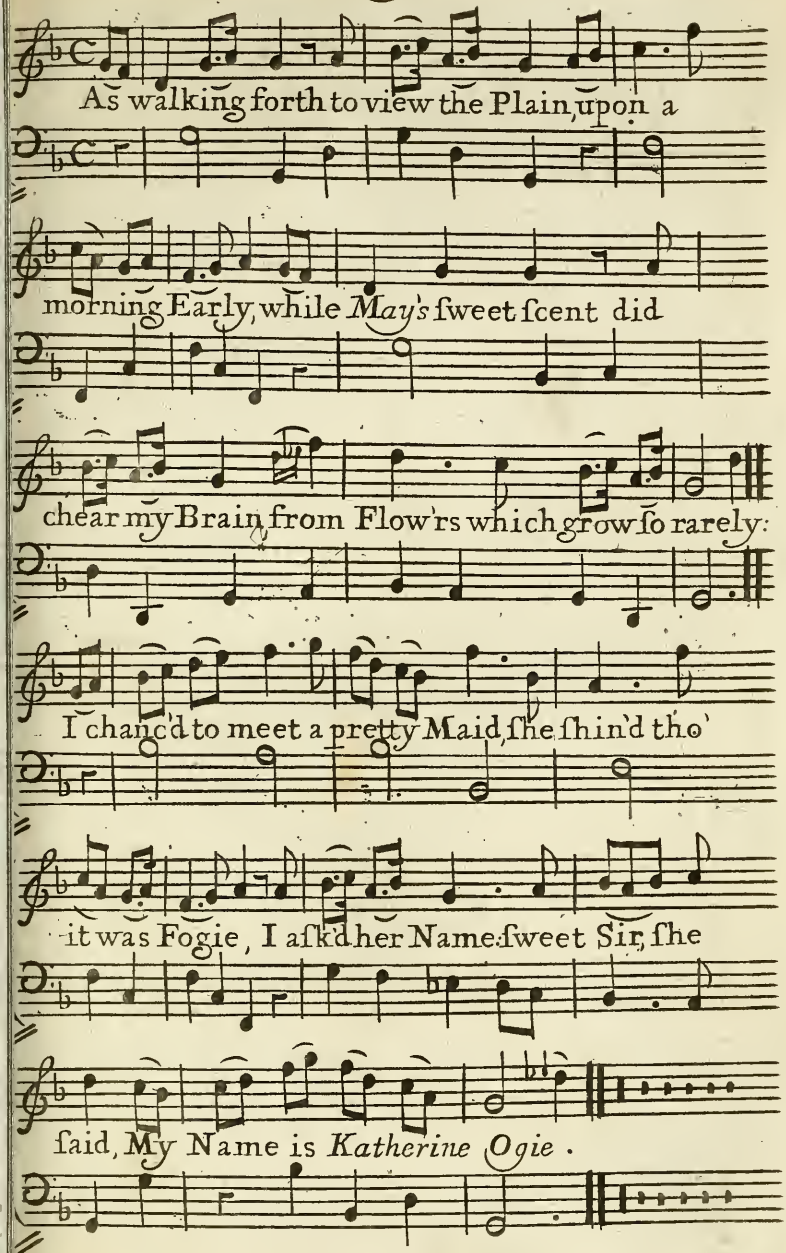
AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet Scent did chear my Brain,
From Flowers which grow ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd, tho' it was fogie;
I ask'd her Name: ſweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is *Katherine Ogie.*

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So brisk an Air there did appear
In a Country Maid ſo neatly:
Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd,
Like this ſame *Katherine Ogie.*

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;

Tho'

Katherine Ogie



Tho' thou art dreſt in Robes but mean,
  Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee :
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look,
  Far excels any clowniſh Rogie ;
Thou art Match for Lord, or Duke,
  My charming *Katherine Ogie.*

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain!
  To feed my Flock beſide thee,
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
  In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myſelf a happier Man,
  With *Kate,* my Club, and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands ten,
  Had I but *Katherine Ogie.*

Then I'd deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne,
  And Stateſmens dangerous Stations :
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
  I'd ſmile at conquering Nations :
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
  This Laſs, of whom I'm vogie ;
For theſe are Toys and ſtill look leſs,
  Compar'd with *Katherine Ogie.*

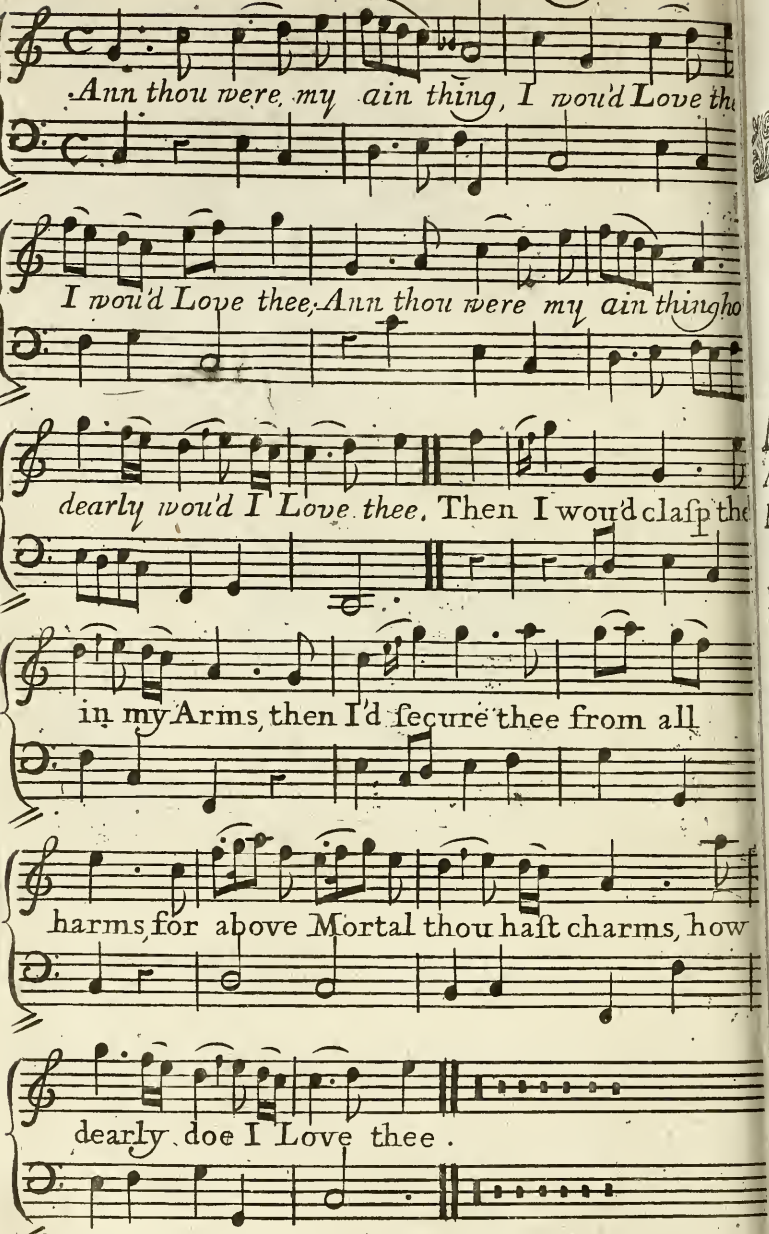
But I fear the Gods have not decreed
  For me ſo fine a Creature,

Whoſe

Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature.
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Caſe, ye Powers above,
Elſe I die for *Katherine Ogie.*

XXIII.

Ann thou were my Ain thing



XXIII.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain thing,
I wou'd lo'e thee, I wou'd lo'e thee,
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly wou'd I lo'e thee!

I would claſp thee in my Arms,
I'd ſecure thee from all Harms;
For above Mortal thou haſt Charms,
How dearly do I lo'e thee?
Ann thou were, &c.

Of Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
So I muſt ſtill preſumptuous be,
To ſhow how much I lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;

O! for their ſake ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and for your ſake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my Thread of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

XXIV.

Polwart on the Green

At Polwart on the Green, if you'l meet
me the Morn, where Laſses doe conve = ne to
dance about the Thorn, A kindly welcome
you ſhall meet frae her wha likes to view, A
Lover and a Lad compleat, the Lad and Lover
you.

XXIV.
Polwart *on the Green.*

A*T* Polwart *on the Green,*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Laſſes do convene,
To dance about the Thorn;
A kindly Welcome you ſhall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
The Lad and Lover you.

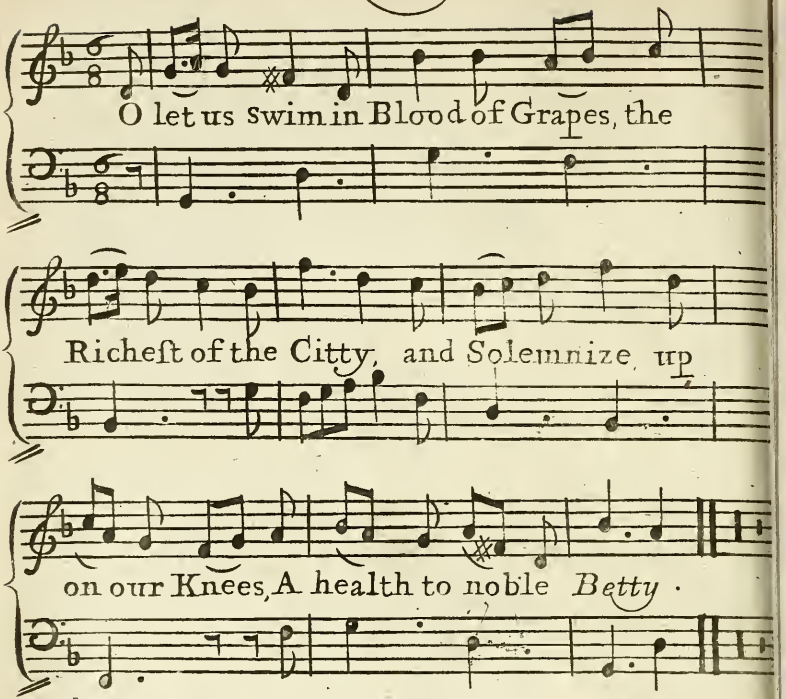
Let dorty Dames ſay *na,*
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the Green,
Amang the new-mawn Hay,

With Sangs and Dancing keen,
We'll paſs the heartſome Day.
At Night, if Beds be o'erthrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

XXV.

A Health to Betty



XXV.
A Health to BETTY.

O *Let us ſwim in Blood of Grapes,*
The richeſt of the City.
And ſolemnize upon our Knees,
A Health to noble Betty.

The Muſes with the Milk of Queens,
Have fed this comely Creature,
That ſhe's become a princely Dame,
A Miracle of Nature.
O let us, &c.

The Graces all both great and ſmall,
Were not by half ſo pretty;
The Queen of Love that reigns above,
Cou'd not compare with *Betty*.
O let us, &c.

Had *David* ſeen this lovely one,
No Sin he had committed,
He had not lain with *Bath-ſheba*,
Nor ſlain the valiant *Hittite*.
O let us, &c.

Had *Solomon*, Heav'n's Minion,
  View'd her Perfections over,
Then *Sheba*'s Queen rejected had been,
  Tho' clad with Gold of Ophir.
O let us, &c.

The Dons of *Spain* cou'd they obtain,
  This Magazine of Pleasure;
They'd never go to *Mexico*,
  For all its *Indian* Treasure.
O let us, &c.

The Christian King wou'd dance and sing,
  To have her at his pleasure,
And wou'd confine great *Mazarine*,
  Within the Banks of *Tiber*.
O let us, &c.

The *Turk*, for all his great Empire,
  Wou'd prostrate him before her,
And wou'd lay down his Golden Crown,
  A Goddess like adore her.
O let us, &c.

Her Eyes are full of Majesty,
  None but a Prince can own her,

She's

She's fitted for an Emperor,
A Diadem muſt crown her.

O let us ſwim in Blood of Grapes,
The richeſt of the City,
And ſolemnize upon our Knees,
A Health to noble Betty.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The Cock-Laird.

A Cock-Laird fu' Cadgie with *Jenny* did meet
He ha'ſt her and kiſs'd her and ca'd her hi
Sweet,
Gin thou'll ga'e alang wi' me, *Jenny*, quo' he,
Thou's be mine ain lamen Jo, *Jenny*, *Jenny*.

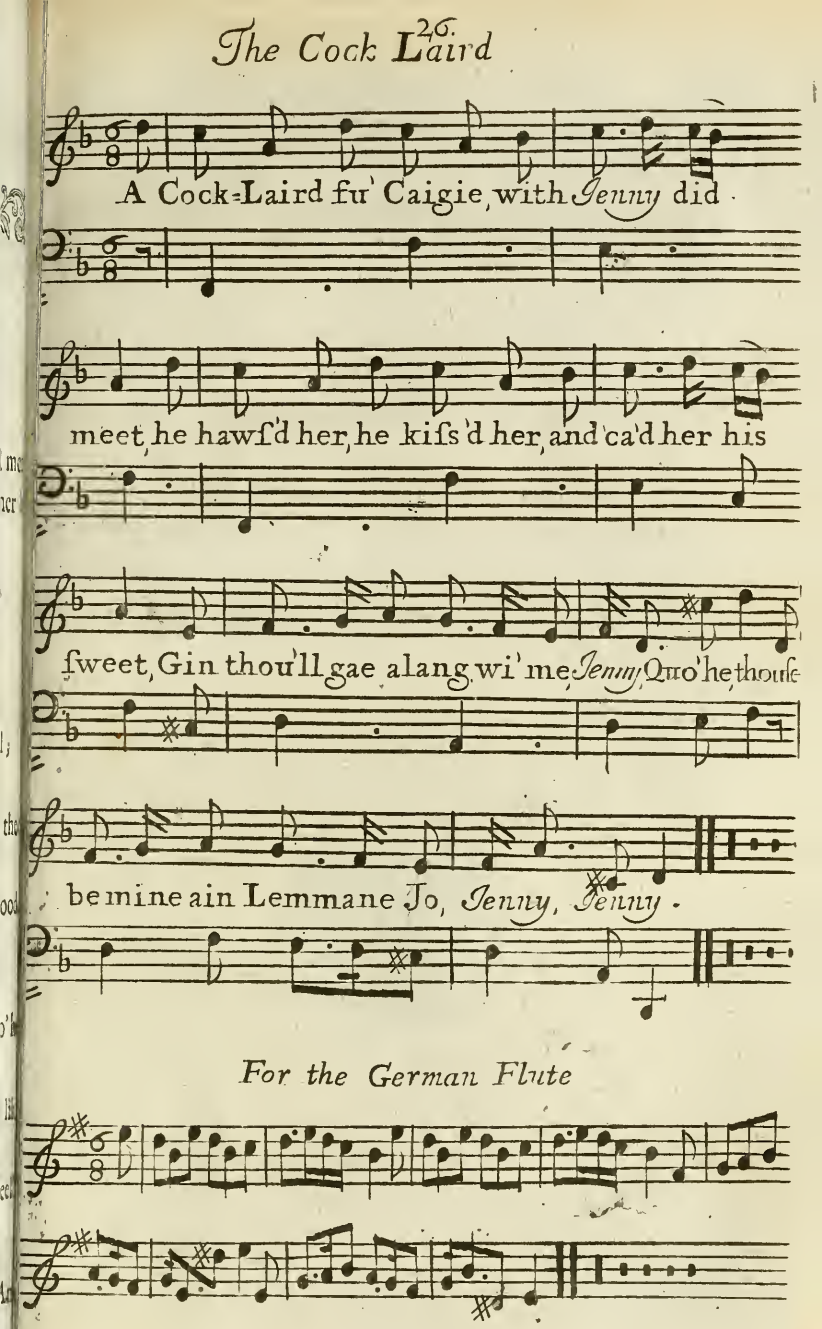
Gin I gae alang with you ye ma' na fail,
To feed me with Croudie and good hakit Kail;
What needs a' this Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he,
Is not Banocks and dribly Berds good Meat for the

Gin I gae alang with you I man' ha'e a ſilk Hood
A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a ſilk Snood,
To tye up my Hair in a Cockernonie;
Hout away thou's gane wood I trow, *Jenny*, quo' h

Gin you wa'd ha'e me look bonny, and ſhine lik
the Moon,
I man' ha'e Katlets and Patlets, and Camerel-heel
Shoon,

A

The Cock Laird



For the German Flute

And Craig-cloths, and Lugg-babs, and Rings twa
or three ;
Hout the Deel's in your Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Sometimes I am troubled with Gripes in my Wemb,
Gin I get nae Stouries, I ſhall my ſel' ſhame ;
I'll rift at the Rumple and gar the Wind flee.
Deel ſtap a Cork in your Doup, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Gin that be the Care you take, ye may gae loup,
For ſick'na ſilly Hurtcheon ſhall ne'er skelp my Doup;
Hout away, gae be hang'd, louſie Laidie, quo' ſhe :
Deel ſcoup o' your Company, *Jenny*, quo' he,

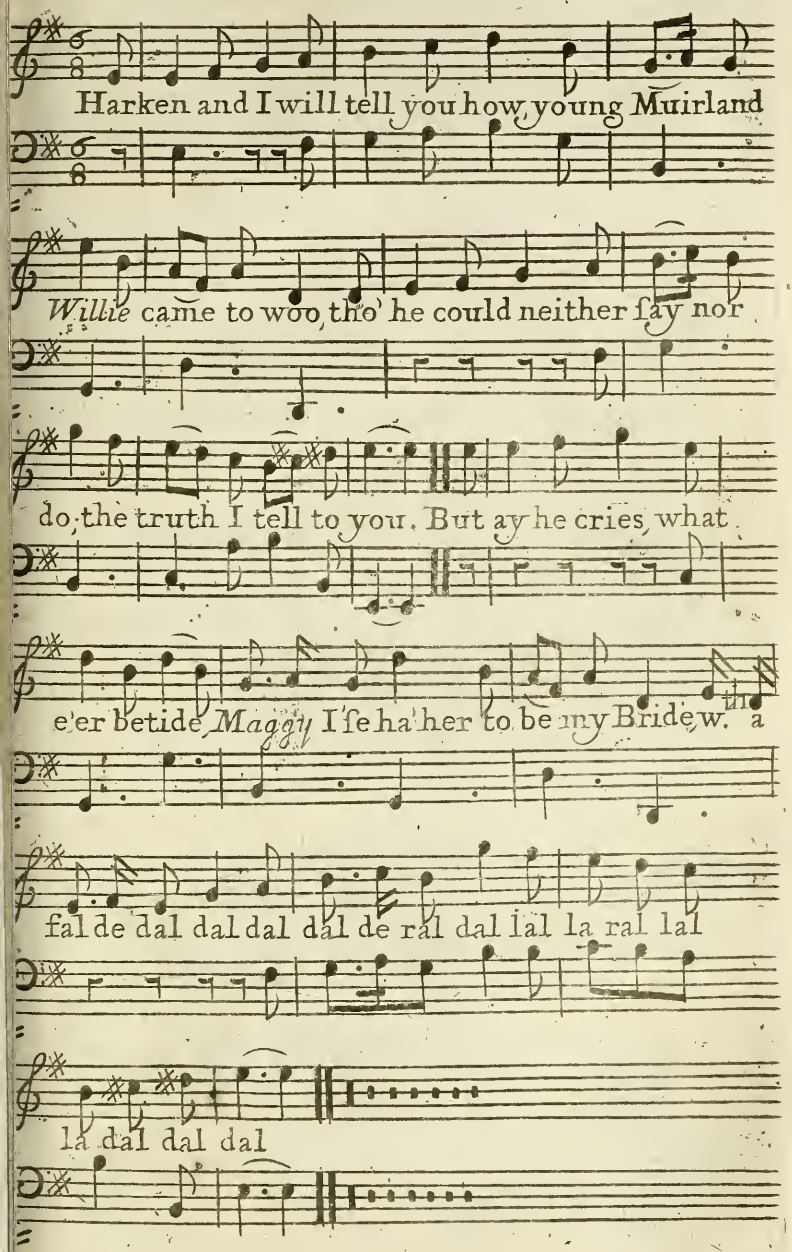
XXVII.
Muirland Willie.

HArken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo.
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'ſe ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din;
What Anſwer gi' ye me?

Muirland Willie



Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town ;
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On ſick a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtep'd up the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* :
I ſcorn to tell a Lye :
Beſides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town ;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waiſte,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for my ſell ye need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou'.
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden bluſht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na Will to ſay him na,
But to her Dady ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,
But ſick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.

Co

Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't.
With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands.
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and ſic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames together met.
With a fal, &c.

XXVIII.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny Laſſie,
Gi'e her a Kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty Huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

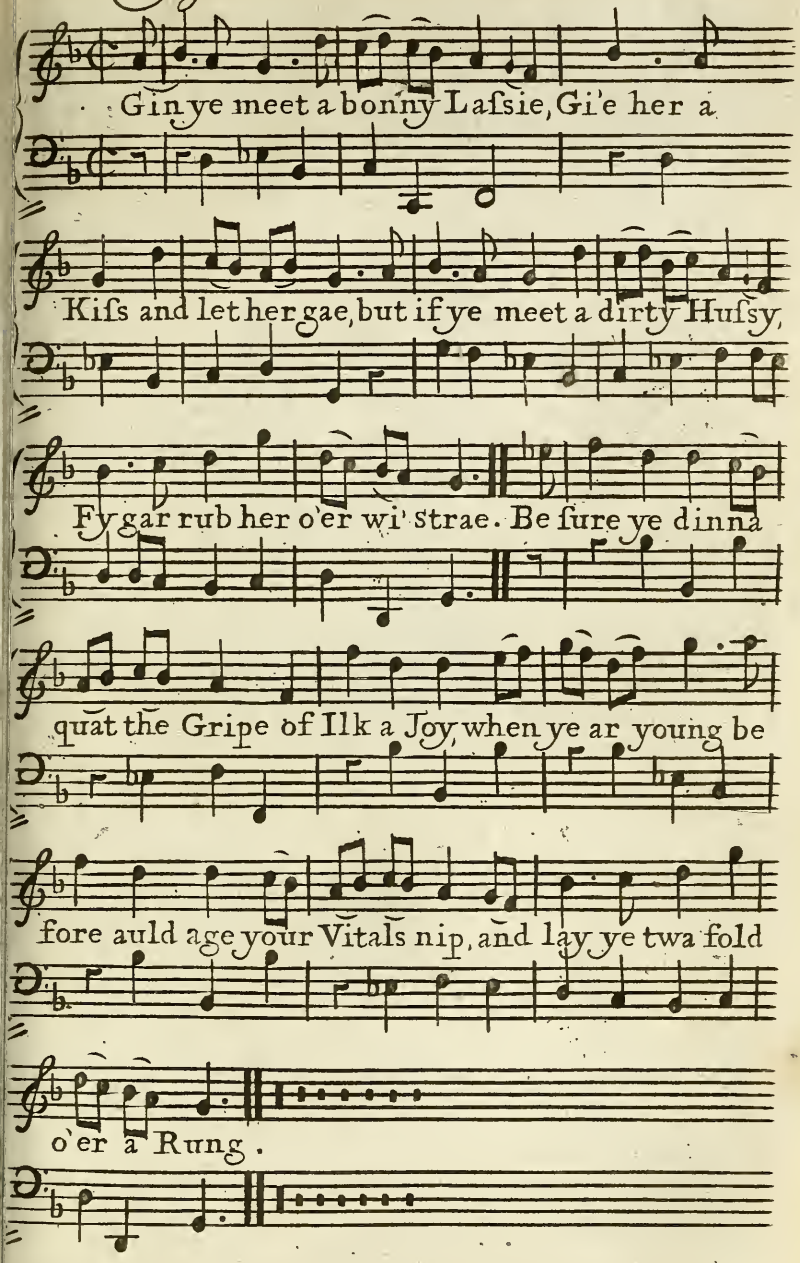
Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome Time;
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu the Gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Syaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;

Syne

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae



Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
  And hide herſelf in ſome dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
  Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
  Nineteen na-ſays are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
  And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs:
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
  As Taiken of a future Bliſs.

Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
  Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
  To plague us with your whinning Cant.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Peggy, *I muſt love thee.*

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
The ſhipwrackt *Colin* ſpying
His Native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves, and dying:
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe;
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy*'s Mind and Face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Vertue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:

Peggy I *must* Love thee

As from a Rock past all relief, the Shipwrackt

tr.

Colin spying, his Native Soil, o'ercome with

tr.

Grief, half sunk in waves, and dying: With the next

Morning Sun he spys, a Ship which gives unhop'd sur

=prise, new Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with

tr.

Joy, and waits her motion.

I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe;
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe *Betty*'s Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outſhine them.

XXX.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

THere's auld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon Glen,
He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of auld Men,
Has fourſcore of black Sheep, and fourſcore too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, Mither, and let that abee,
For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen!
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too,
Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

Auld Rob Morris

Mither

There's Auld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon

tr.

Glen, he's the King of good Fellows, & wale of auld

Men, has Fourſcore of black Sheep, and Fourſcore

tr.

too, and Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun

Loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
His A—— it ſticks out like ony Peet-creel,
He's out-ſhin'd, in-kneed and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Braſs it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye ſhoud na be ſae ill to ſhoo,
For auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
His Back is ſae ſtiff, and his Beard is grown gray;
I had titter die than live with him a Year;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.

XXX.

Auld lang ſyne.

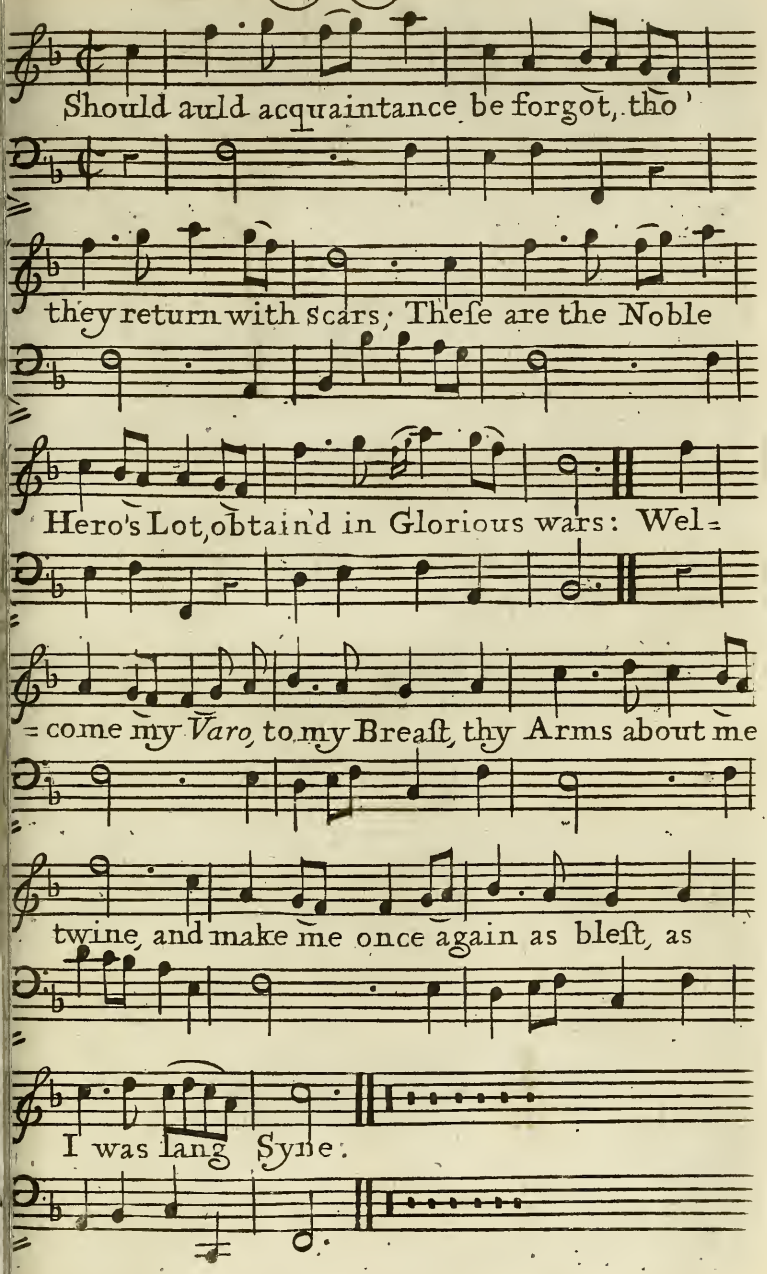
SHould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with Scars?
Theſe are the noble Hero's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome, my VARO, to my Breaſt,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
A thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return the Sun and Moon,
With brighter Beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft Notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their ſhare fall,

Who

Auld Lang Syne



Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
  While bounded like a Ball :
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
  Let your brave Head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual Charms,
  As we did lang ſyne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
  You may purſue the Chaſe,
And, after a blyth Bottle, end
  All Cares in my Embrace :
And in a vacant rainy Day,
  You ſhall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
  And laugh at lang ſyne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the ſweet Air,
  And Signs of generous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
  Bow'd to the Pow'rs above :
Next Day, with Conſent and glad Haſte,
  Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine ;
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
  And put them out of Pine.

XXXII.

My Apron, Deary.

'TWas forth in a Morning, a Morning of *May*,
A Soldier and his Miſtreſs were walking aſtray;
And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
I heard a Laſs cry, my Apron now.

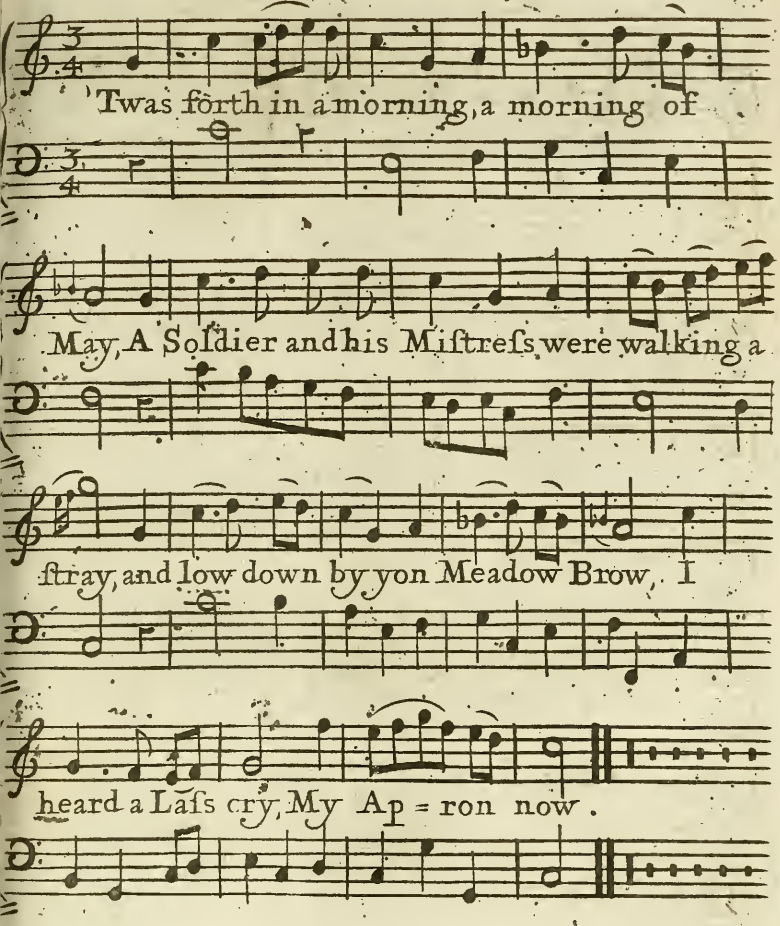
O had I ta'en Counſel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counſel of Siſter or Brother;
But I was a young thing, and eaſy to woo,
And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I muſt confeſs,
Is ſomething the ſhorter, tho' naething the leſs;
I never was wi' ye a Night but two,
And yet ye cry out my Apron now.

My Apron is made of a Lineum Twine,
Well ſet about wi' pearling Syne;
I think it great Pity, my Babe ſhou'd tyne,
And I'll row it in my Apron fine.

XXXIII.

My Apron Deary



My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes

My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny ca

Card and ſpin, and I'm a bonny young Laſs, and the

tr.

ſiller comes linkin in, The ſiller comes linkin

tr.

in, and it is ſou fair to ſee, and its wow wow

tr.

wow what ails the Lads at me

XXXIII.

My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes.

MY Daddy's a Delver of Dykes,
My Minny can card and ſpin,
And I'm a bonny young Laſs,
And the Siller comes linkin in.
The Siller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to ſee,
And it's wow, wow, wow,
What ails the Lads at me?

When ever our Bauty does bark,
Then faſt to the Door I do rin,
To ſee gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture in:
But ne'er a ane comes in,
Tho' mony a ane goes by,
Syne Ben the Houſe I rin,
And a weary Wight am I.

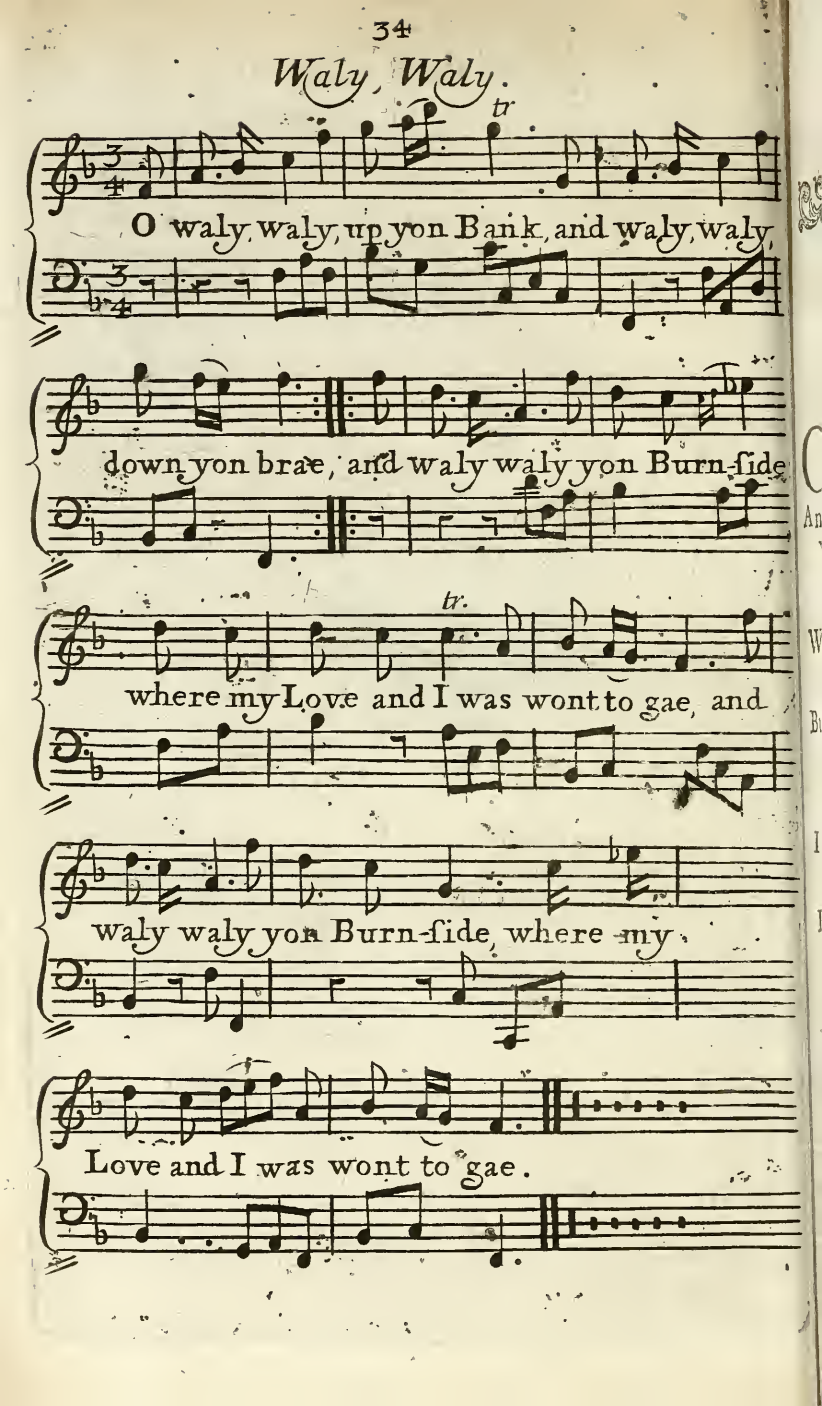
I had an auld Wife to my Minny,
And (wow) gin ſhe keept me lang;

But

But now the Carlin's dead,
And I'll do what I can,
And I'll do what I can;
Wi' my twenty Pound and my Cow;
But wow it's an unco' thing,
That na body comes to woe.

XXXIV.

Waly, Waly.


tr
O waly, waly, up yon Bank, and waly, waly
down yon brae, and waly waly yon Burn-side
tr.
where my Love and I was wont to gae, and
waly waly yon Burn-side, where my
Love and I was wont to gae.

XXXIV.

Waly, Waly.

O Waly, Waly, up yon Bank,
And Waly, Waly, down yon Brea;
And Waly by yon River's ſide,
Where my Love and I was wont to gae.

Waly, Waly, gin Love be bonny,
A little while when it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And wears away, like Morning Dew.

I leant my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a truſty Tree;
But firſt it bow'd, and ſine it brake,
And ſae did my fauſe Love to me.

When Cockle-ſhells turn ſiller Bells,
And Muſcles grow on ev'ry Tree;
When Froſt and Snaw ſhall warm us a',
Then ſhall my Love prove true to me.

Now *Arthur-Seat* ſhall be my Bed,
The Sheets ſhall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
Saint *Anton*'s Well ſhall be my Drink,
Since my true Love has forſaken me.

O *Martinmas* Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green Leaves off the Tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
And take a Life that wearies me.

'Tis not the Froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
'Tis not ſic Cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by *Glaſgow* Town,
We were a comely Sight to ſee;
My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
And I my ſell in Cramaſie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That Love had been ſae ill to win;
I'd lock'd my Heart in a Caſe of Gold,
And pin'd it with a ſilver Pin.

Oh,

Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
  And ſet upon the Nurſe's Knee,
And I my ſell were dead and gane,
  For a Maid again I'll never be.

XXXV.

John Hay's *bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aſt cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay*, that I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

She's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and ſing, bidding Day a Good-morrow:
The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if ſhe appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers ſmell the ſweeter:

'Tis

John Hays Bonny Lassie

By smooth winding Tay A swain was reclining, an

cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining, my sell thus a

way, and darna discover, to my bony Hay that I am her Lover

Nae mair it will hide the flame waxes stranger, if she's not my

Bride, my Days are nae langer, then I'll take a heart, and

try at a venture, may be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye ſet my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my Mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my Deſire is *Hay*'s bonny Laſſie.

XXXVI.

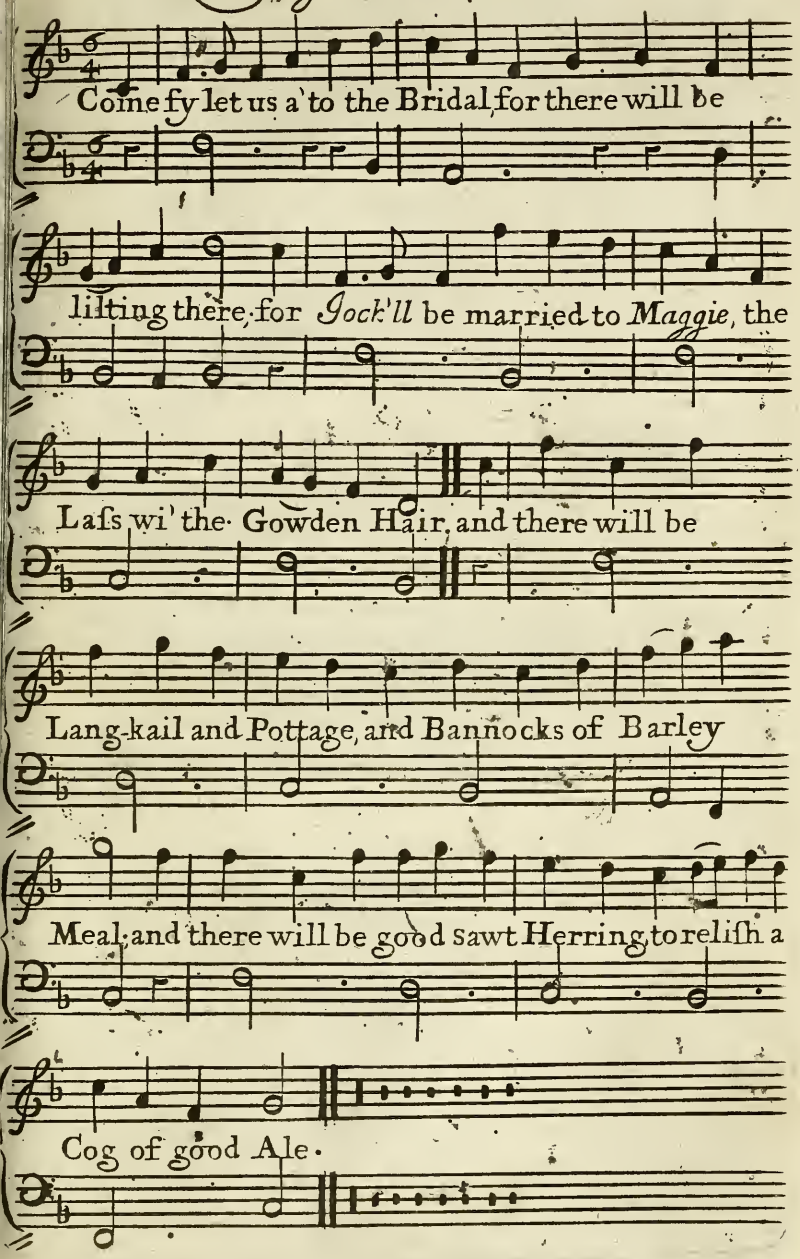
The Blythſome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For *Jocky*'s to be married to *Maggie*,
The Laſs wi' the gowden Hair.
And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
And there will be good ſawt Herring,
To reliſh a Cog of good Ale.
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the Sutor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou;
And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
With thumbleſs *Katie*'s good Man;
And there will be blue-checked *Dowbie*,
And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And

The Blythsome Bridal



And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
  And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill;
Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
  That wins in the How of the Hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sibbie*,
  Wha in with black *Beſſy* did mool,
With ſnivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
  The Laſs that ſtands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
  And coft him gray Breeks to his Arſe,
Wha after was hangit for ſtealing,
  Great mercy it happen'd nae warſe:
And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
  And *Kirſh* with the lilly-white Leg,
Wha gade to the South for Manners,
  And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden M'lawrie*,
  And blinkin daft *Barbara M'leg*,
Wi flae lugged ſharny fac'd *Lawrie*,
  And ſhangy mou'd halucket *Meg*.
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nanſy*,
  And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by Name;
Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Griſy*,
  The Laſs wi' the gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
  With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell*,
And mifle-fhin'd *Mungo M'apie*,
  The Lad that was Skipper himfel.
There Lads and Laffes in Pearlings,
  Will feaft in the Heart of the Ha',
On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
  That are baith fodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
  With fouth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,
  And caller Nowt Feet in a Plate.
And there will be Partans and Buckies,
  And Whytens and Speldings enew,
With finged Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
  And Scadlips to fuck till ye fpew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk Kebbucks,
  And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
With Swats, and well fcraped Paunches,
  And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps :
And there will be Meal-kail and Caftocks,
  With Skink to fup till ye rive,
And Roafts to roaft on a Brander,
  Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt

Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulſe and Tangle,
  And a Mill of good Sniſhing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
  We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
  For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky'*s to be married to* Maggie,
  The Laſs wi' the gowden Hair.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

The Toaſt.

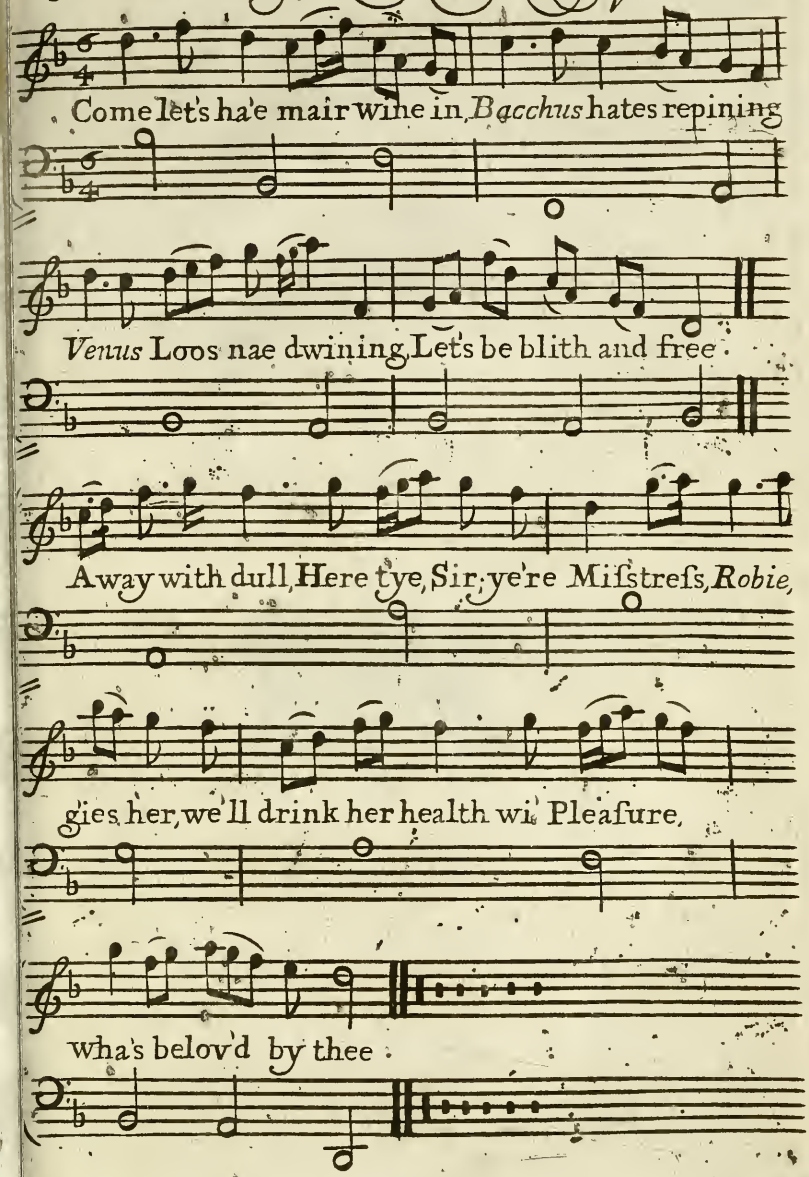
COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull, here t'ye, Sir;
Ye're Miſtreſs, *Robie*, gi'es her,
We'll drink her Health wi' pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
That's a Laſs can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some Angel ye wad ca'her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her
Kiltet to the Knee.

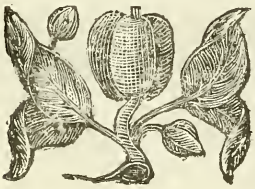
Peggy

THE TOAST.

To the Tune of Saw ye my Peggy



Peggy a dainty Lafs is,
Come let's join our Glaffes,
And refrefh our Haufes
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Cafh be clinking,
Be Statefmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.



XXXVIII.

My Nanny-O.

WHILE ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health
'Twixt *Laïs* and the *Bagnio,*
I'll ſave myſelf, and without ſtealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny-O.*
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O:*
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny-O.*

How joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When Dancing ſhe moves finely--O,
I gueſs what Heaven is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely--O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe in the bleſt *Britannia,*
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny--O.*

CHORUS.

My NANNY-O

While ſome for Pleaſure pawn their health, Twixt

Lais and the *Bagni-o*, I'll ſave my ſelf and without

ſtealth, Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny-o*. She bids more

fair t'engage a *Jove*, than *Leda* did for *Danae-o*: were

I to paint the Queen of Love, none elſe ſhould

ſit but *Nanny-o*.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
My lovely charming Nanny--O;
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.

XXXIX.

Maggie's Tocher.

THE Meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither;
And *Maggie* was in her Prime,
When *Willie* made Courtſhip till her:
Twa Piſtals charged beguefs,
To gie the courting Shot;
And ſyne came ben the Laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the Butt.
He firſt ſpeer'd at the Guidman,
And ſyne at *Giles* the Mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit Land,
Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My Daughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
But I'll part wi' my Wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my Land.
Your Tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The Laſs bound in her ſnood,
And *Crummie* who kens her ſtake:

With

Maggie's Tocher

The Meal was dear ſhort ſyne, we buckl'd us a' the

gither, and *Maggie* was in her Prime, when *Willie* made

courtſhip till her; twa Piſtals charg'd beguess, to gie the

courting ſhot, and ſyne came ben the Laſs wi's wats drawn,

frae ye Butt, he firſt ſpeer'd at ye Guidman, and ſyne at *Giles* ye

Mither, an ye wad gi's a bitt land we'd buckle us e'en ye gither *Jo.*

With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye ſpeak right well, Guidman,
But ye maun mend your Hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither;
A Houſe is Butt and Benn,
And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
The Bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their Mither!
We have nouther Pot nor Pan,
But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the Pleugh,
And ye your ſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good Pocks
That anes were o' the Tweel,
The t'ane to had the Grots,
The ither to had the Meal:
With ane auld kiſt made of Wands,
And that ſall be your Coffer,

Wi' aiken woody-bands,
And that may had your Tocher.

Conſider well, Guidman,
We hae but borrow'd Gear,
The Horſe that I ride on
Is *Sandy Wilſon*'s Mare:
The Saddle's nane of my ain,
An thae's but borrowed Boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun take to my Coots:
The Cloak is *Geordy Watt*'s,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
We'll make nae mair toom ruſe.

I like you well, young Lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married when little I had
O' Gear that was my ain.
But ſin that things are ſae,
The Bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the Gear ſhe'll ha'e,
It'll be but little worth.
A Bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the Hiſſie come hither.

The

The Bride ſhe gade till her Bed,
The Bridegroom he came till her;
The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

XL.

XL.

Were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

THERE was an a May and ſhe lo'ed na Men,
She bigged her bonny Bow'r down in yon Glen;
But now ſhe cries dale and a-well-a-day,
Come down the green Gate, and come here away.

When bonny young *Johnny* came over the Sea,
He ſaid he ſaw nathing ſo bonny as me,
He haight me baith Rings and mony bra things,
And were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

He had a wee Titty that lo'ed na' me,
Becauſe I was twice as bonny as ſhe;
She rais'd ſick a Pother twixt him and his Mother,
That were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

The Day it was ſet, and the Bridal to be;
The Wife took a Dwalm and lay down to die,
She main'd and ſhe grain'd out of Dollor and Pain,
Till he vow'd that he ne'er wou'd ſee me again.

His

Were na my hearts light I wad Die

There was an a *May* and ſhe Lo'ed na men, she

Bigged her bonny Bow'r down in yon Glen, but

now ſhe cryes dool and awell-a-day, come

down the green gate and come here away.

For the German Flute

His Kin was for ane of a higher Degree,
Said, what had he do with the Likes of me?
Appoſe I was bonny, I was na for *Johnny*:
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

They ſaid, I had neither Cow, nor Calf,
Nor Drops of Drink runs through the Drawf;
Nor Pickles of Meal runs through the Mill-Eye:
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

The Maiden ſhe was baith wylie and ſlye,
She ſpy'd me as I came o'er the Lee;
And then ſhe ran in, and made ſick a Din:
Believe your ain Een, and ye trow na me.

His Bonnet ſtood ay fu' round on his Brow,
His auld ane lookt ay as well as his new;
But now he lets't gang ony Gate it will hing,
And caſts himſell down on the Corn-Bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the Dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the Tykes;
The live-lang Night he ne'er bows his Eye:
And were na my Heart's light I wad die.

But young for thee as I ha' been,
We ſhou'd ha' been galloping down in yon Green,
And linking out o'er yon lilly white Lee;
And wow gin I were young for thee.

XLI.

XLI.

Gallowſhiels.

AH the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful Fair-One's Hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his Anguiſh.
Ye eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My ſecret Soul diſcover,
While Rapture trembling through mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender Glance, the red'ning Cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing Bluſhes,
A thouſand various Ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various Wiſhes.

For oh! that Form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe gentle Eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling,
That artleſs Bluſh, and modeſt Air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,
  So charm whene'er I view thee;
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
  Still will my Hopes purſue thee.
Then when my tedious Hours are paſt,
  Be this laſt Bleſſing given,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my laſt,
  And die in ſight of Heaven.

XLII.

Galla Shiels

Slow

Ah the poor Shepherds mournfull Fate, when

doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languish, to

bear the scornfull Fair one's hate; Nor dare dis=

tr.

=close his Anguish Yet ea=ger Looks and

tr.

Dying sighs, My secrete Soul discover, while

rap_ture trembling through my Eyes, re_

_veals how much I Love her, the tender Glance,

Redning cheek, o'er ſpread with riſing blu=

=ſhes, a thouſand various ways they ſpeak, a

thouſand various wiſh_es.

There's my Thumb

Bet_ty Early gone a Maying, met her

ſweetheart *Willie* ſtraying, deſigne or chance no

matter whither, but thus we know he reaſon'd

with her.

For the German Flute

XLII.

There's my Thumb.

BEtty, early gone a Maying,
Met her Sweetheart *Willie* ſtraying,
Deſign, or Chance, no matter whether,
But this we know, he reaſon'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing,
See how ev'ry Buſh diſcovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers:

Or in ſinging, or in loving,
Every Moment ſtill improving;
Love and Nature wiſely leads 'em,
Love and Nature ne'er miſguides 'em.

See, the opening, bluſhing Roſes,
All their ſecret Charms diſcloſes;
Sweet's the Time, ah! ſhort's the Meaſure
Of their fleeting, haſty Pleaſure.

Quickly

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the Bliſſes,
Of their ſoft and fragrant Kiſſes,
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in ſorrow.

Time, my *Beſs*, will leave no Traces
Of thoſe Beauties, of thoſe Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our ſtaying,
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Deareſt Maid, nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me:
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye.

XLIII.

The Gaberlunzie Man

The pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee, wi' many good

E'ens and Days to me, saying, Good wife for your Courte

- sie, will ye Lodge a silly poor Ma - n. the Night was

cauld, the Carle was wat, and down a yont the Ingle he

sat; my Daughters shoulders he gan to Clap, and

cadgily ranted and sa - - ng.

XLIII.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

THE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
Saying, Good-wife, for your Courtiſie,
Will ye lodge a ſilly poor Man?
The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
And down ayont the Ingle he ſat;
My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'n,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
  And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,
  And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raiſe a wee before the Cock,
And wylily they ſhot the Lock,
  And faſt to the Bent are they gane.
Up in the Morn the auld Wife raiſe,
And at her Leiſure pat on her Claiſe;
Syne to the Servant's Bed ſhe gaes,
  To ſpeer for the ſilly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay,
  For ſome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
  I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The Kirns to Kirn, and Milk to Earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, and waken my Bairn,
  And bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her good Wife can ſay,
  She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

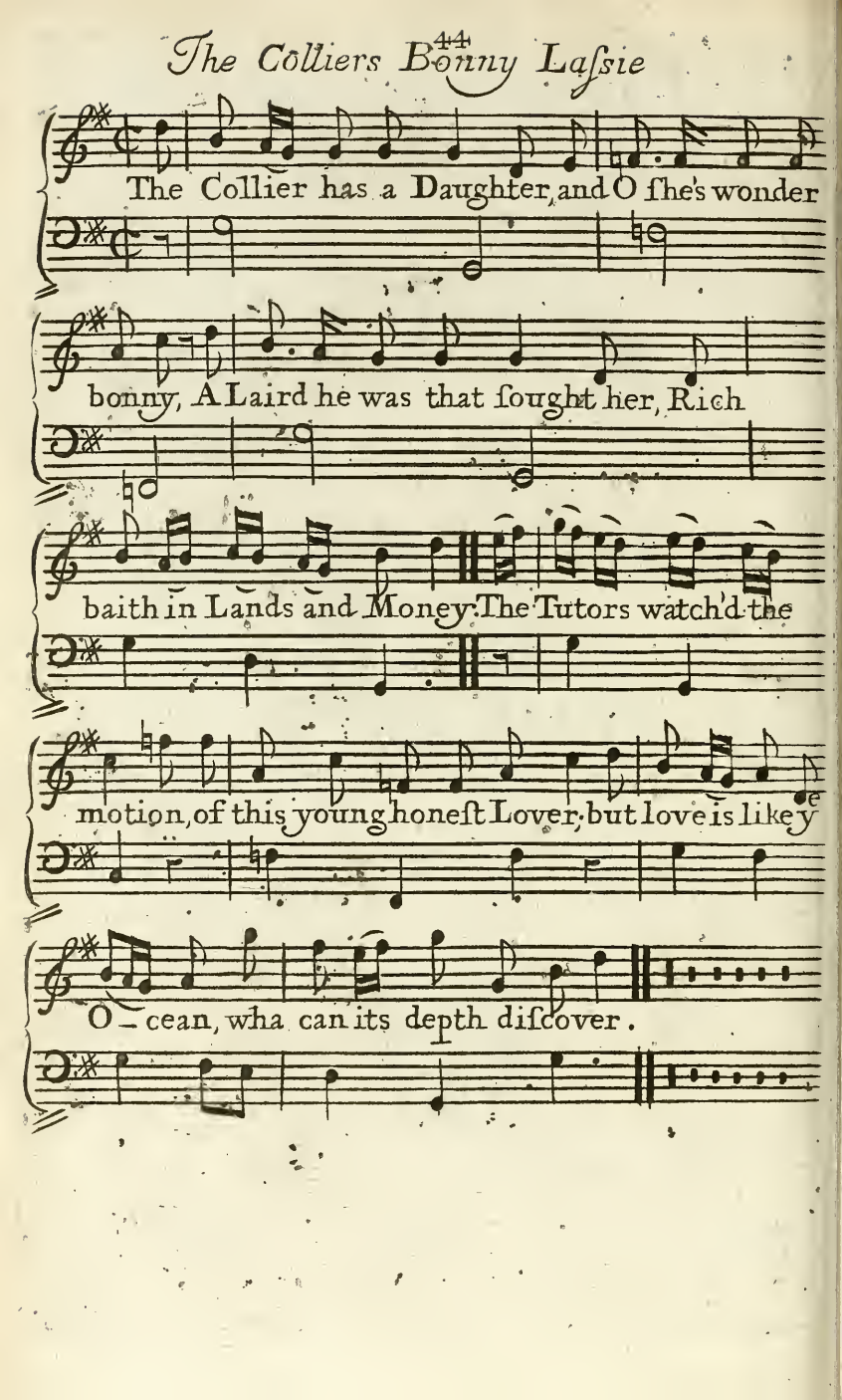
O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
  The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit:
She cou'd na' gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
  But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' ſnug in a Glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
  Cut frae a new Cheeſe a whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith;
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
  My winſome Gaberlunzie-Man.

O ken'd my Minny I were wi' you,
I'll fardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor Man ſhe'd never trow,
  After the Gaberlunzie-Man.
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na' learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
To follow me frae Town to Town,
  And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha' need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
  To carry the Gaberlunzie-O.
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,
  While we ſhall be merry, and ſing.

The Colliers Bonny Lassie



XLIV.

The Collier's bonny Laſſie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny,
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in Lands and Money:
The Tutors watch'd the Motion,
Of this young honeſt Lover;
But Love is like the Ocean;
Wha can its Depth diſcover!

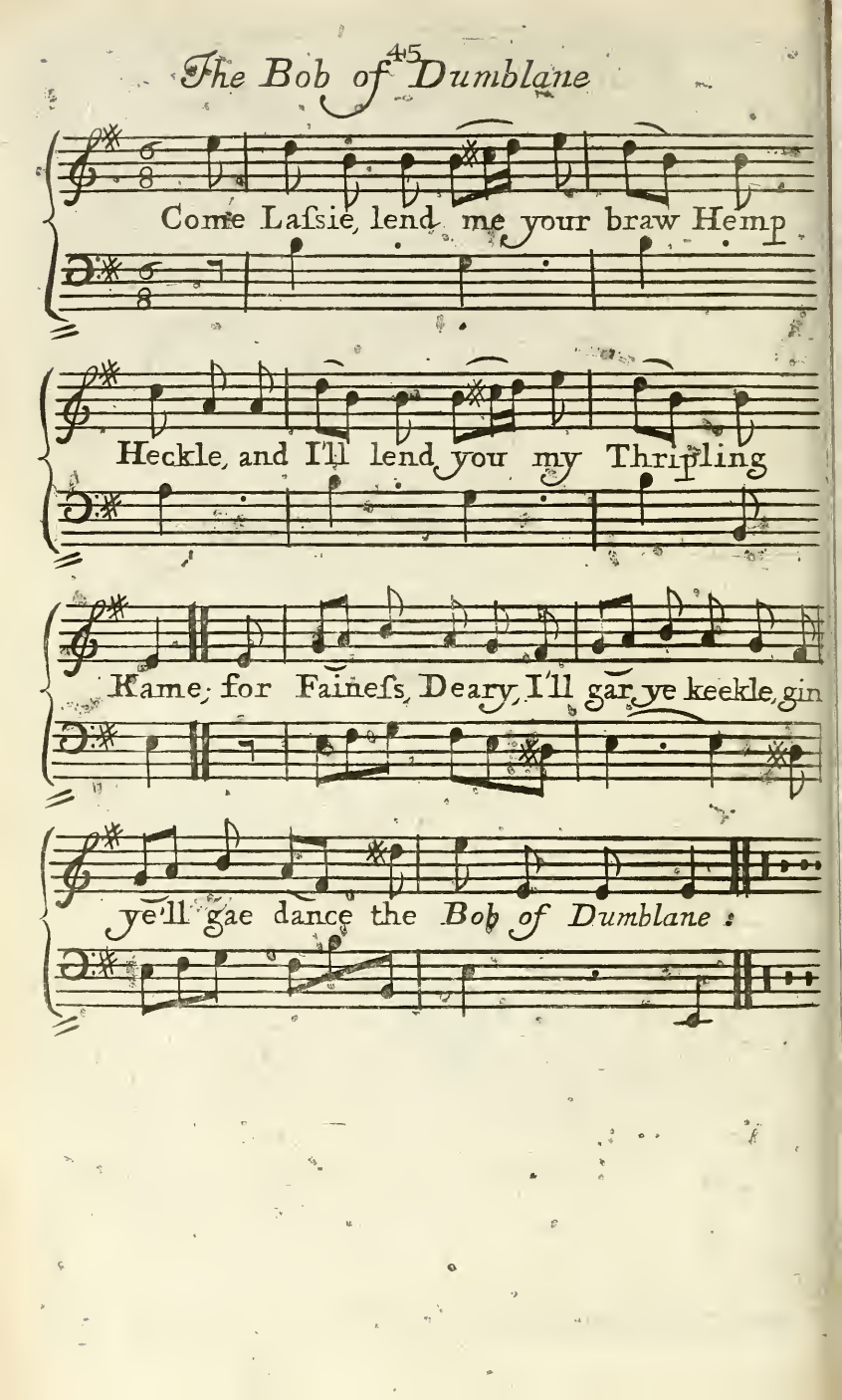
He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
  The Charms that were about her;
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
  His Life was dull without her.
After mature Reſolving,
  Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her;
In ſafteſt Flames diſſolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
  Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
  Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in plenty,
  And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
  Upon your Wit and Beauty.

LXV.

The Bob of Dumblane



XLV.

The Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;
For fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane.*

Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than Dancing the *Bob of Dumblane.*

Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane.*

The Dinner, the Piper and Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane.*

XLVI.

The Carle came o'er the Croft.

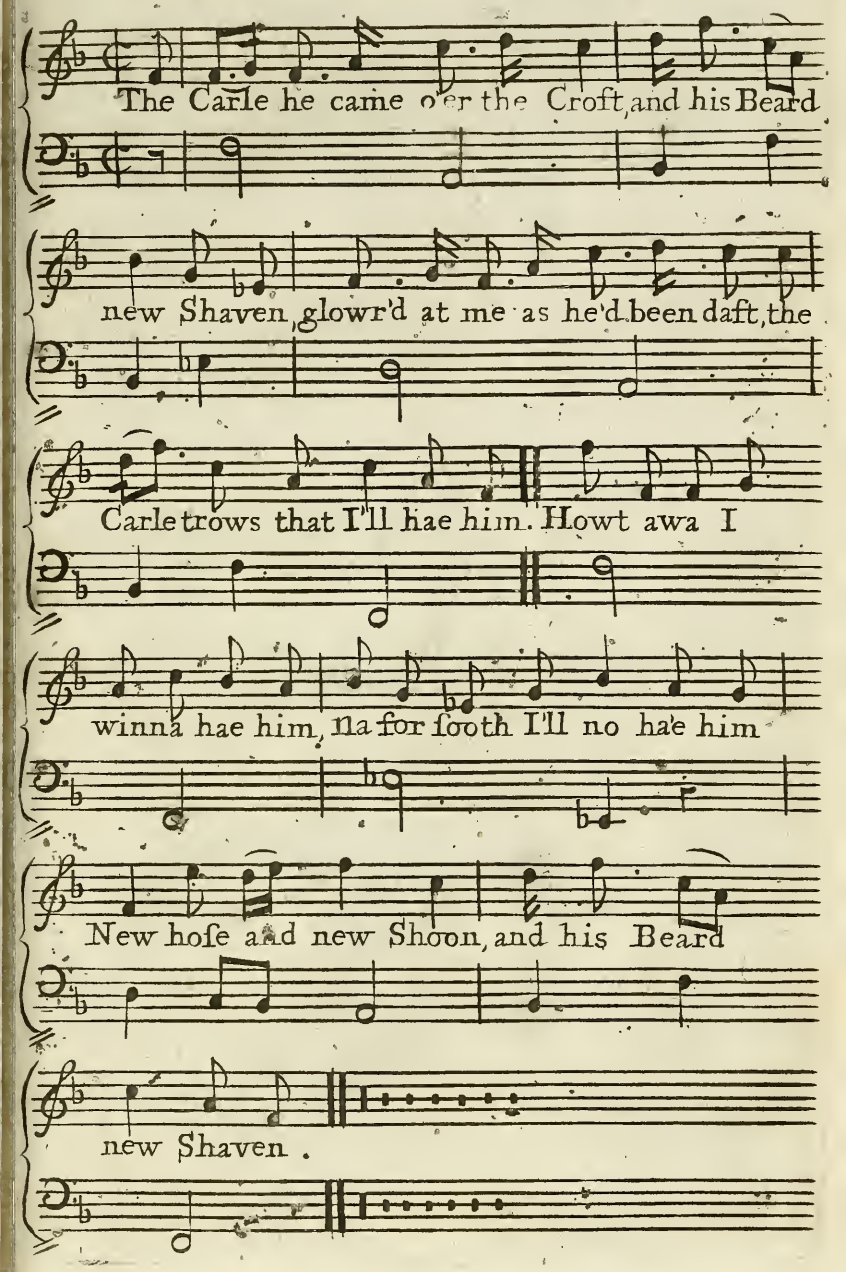
THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
And his Beard new ſhav'n,
He glowr'd at me's gin he'd been daft,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa' I wonna ha'e him,
Na forſooth I'll no ha'e him,
New Hoſe and his new Shoon,
And his Beard new ſhav'n.

He ga'e to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new ſhav'n,
He bad me dance till they ware done,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.

He ga'e to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new ſhav'n,
He bad me ſtretch them on my Loofs,
The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.

He

The Carle he came O'er the Croft



He ga'e to me an Ell of Lace,
  And his Beard new ſhav'n,
He bad me wear the Highland Dreſs,
  The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.

He ga'e to me a Harn Sark,
  And his Beard new ſhav'n;
He ſaid he'd kiſs me in the dark,
  For that he trows that I'll ha'e him.

Howt awa' I maun ha'e him,
  I forſooth I'll e'en ha'e him,
New Hoſe and his new Shoon,
  And his Beard new ſhav'n.

XLVII.

XLVII.

O'er Boggie.

I Will awa' with my Love,
  I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid,
  I will awa' wi' her.
I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
  O'er Boggie wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn and ſaid,
  I will away wi' her.

If I can get but her Conſent,
  I dinna care a Strae,
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
  Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
  And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part,
  For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Let

O'er Bogie

I will awa' wi' my Love, I will awa' wi' her, tho'

a' my Kin had sworn and said, I will awa'

Chorus

wi' her I'll O'er Bogie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Bogie

wi' her, Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said, I

will awa' wi' her

Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
  And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink,
  On *Betty*'s bonny Face.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
  Of Colour, Treats, and Air;
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een,
  Makes her a Jewel rare.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
  To a' her other Charms;
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
  And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
  While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
  Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

A Kiſs of *Betty*, and a Smile,
  Abeet ye wad lay down,
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle,
  And offer me ye'r Crown.

I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
  O'er Boggie wi' her;
Tho' a' my Kin had ſworn, and ſaid,
  I will awa' wi' her.

XLVIII.

The Lass of Livingston

Pain'd with her slighting *Jamie's* Love, *Bell*

drop't a Tear, *Bell* drop't a Tear, the Gods descended

from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear,

They hear'd the praises of the Youth, from her own

Tongue, from her own Tongue, who now converted

was to truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.

XLVIII.

The Laſs of Livingſton.

PAin'd with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s Love,
Bell dropt a Tear,——*Bell* dropt a Tear;
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,——well pleas'd to hear:
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue—from her own Tongue;
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung,——and thus ſhe ſung.

Bleſt Days! when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind,——more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind,—but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,——wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn,——or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving Swain,
  Yet ſtill thought ſhame,—yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
  To own my Flame,—to own my Flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
  And ſeem too coy,—and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now alas lament
  My ſlighted Joy,—my ſlighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
  Own your Deſire,—own your Deſire;
While Love's young Power with his ſoft Wing
  Fans up the Fire,—fans up the Fire.
O do not, with a ſilly Pride,
  Or low Deſign,—or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy Bride,
  But anſwer plain,—but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
  With flowing Eyes,—with flowing Eyes:
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
  With ſweet Surprize,—with ſweet Surprize.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
  His Mind unchang'd,—his Mind unchang'd;
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
  I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd.

XLIX.

William and Margaret

Slow

'Twas at the ſilent Midnight Hour, when all were faſt aſleep; In Glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghoſt, and ſtood at *William's* Feet. Her Face was like an *April* Morn, clad in a wintry Cloud; and Clay-cold was her Lilly hand, that held her Sable Shroud.

tr.

XLIX.

William *and* Margaret.

'TWAS at the ſilent Midnight-Hour,
When all were faſt aſleep;
In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,
Clad in a wintry Cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
That held her ſable Shroud.

So ſhall the faireſt Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flower,
That ſips the ſilver Dew:
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
Juſt opening to the View.

But

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,
  Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek,
  She dy'd before her Time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
  Come from her midnight Grave:
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
  Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
  When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
When yawning Graves give up their Dead,
  To haunt the faithleſs Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
  Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:
And give me back my maiden Vow,
  And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promiſe Love to me,
  And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my Eyes were bright,
  Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
  And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my virgin Heart,
  Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you ſay my Lip was ſweet,
  And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witleſs Maid,
  Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
  Thoſe Lips no longer red:
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
  And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is;
  This Winding-Sheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our Night,
  'Till that laſt Morn appear.

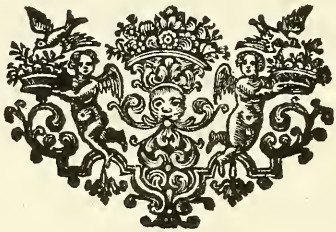
But hark!—the Cock has warn'd me hence:
  A long and laſt Adieu!
Come, ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
  Who dy'd for love of you.

The Lark ſung loud, the Morning ſmil'd,
  And rais'd her gliſtering Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb,
  And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
  Where *Margaret*'s Body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the graſs-green Turf,
  That wrapt her breathleſs Clay.

And

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,
  And thrice he wept full ſore,
Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,
  And Word ſpoke never more.



Down the Burn DAVIE

When Trees did bud and Fields were green, and

Broom bloom'd fair to see; when *Mary* was com

=plete Fifteen, and Love laugh'd in her Eye;

tr.

Blith *Davy's* Blinks her heart did move, to

ſpeak her mind thus free *Gang down the Burn,*

tr.

Davie *Love, and I ſhall follow thee.*

L.
Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When *Mary* was compleat Fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blyth *Davie*'s Blinks her Heart did move,
To ſpeak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, *Love*,
And I ſhall follow thee.

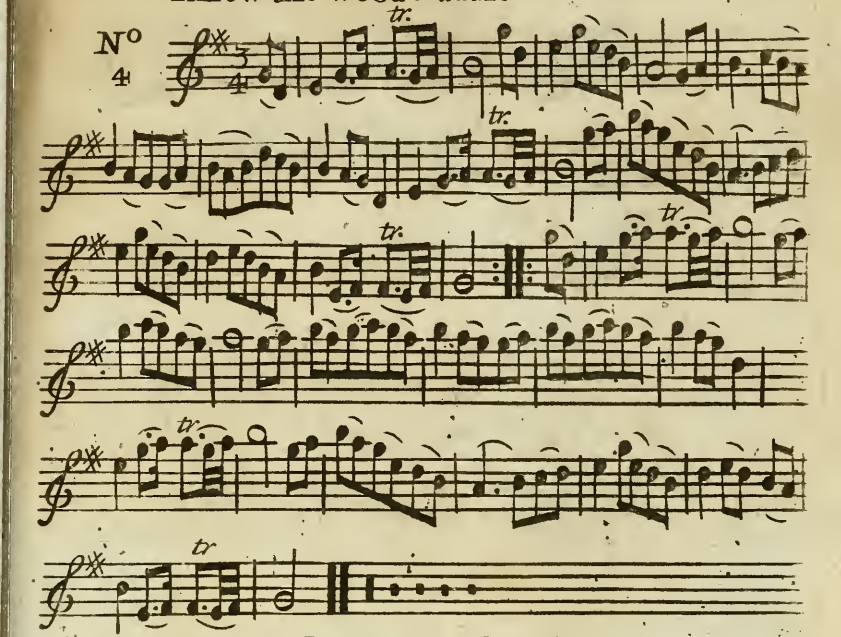
Now *Davie* did each Lad ſurpaſs,
That dwelt on this Burn-ſide,
And *Mary* was the bonnieſt Laſs,
Juſt meet to be a Bride;
Her Cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue;
Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
What tender Tales they ſaid!
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her Boſom play'd;

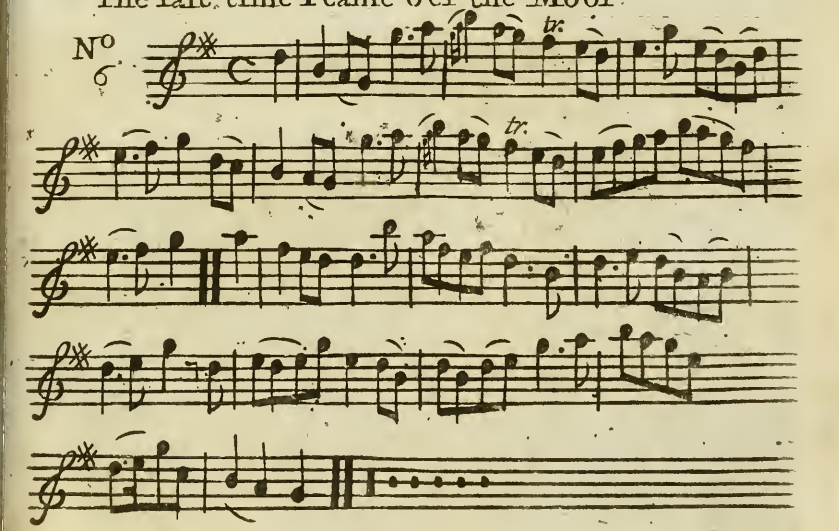
Till baith at length impatient grown,
  To be mair fully bleſt,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
  Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,
  And naithing ſure unmeet;
For ganging hame, I heard him ſay,
  They lik'd a wa'k ſae ſweet;
And that they aften ſhou'd return,
  Sic Pleaſure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
  And ay ſhall follow you.

Throw the wood Laddie

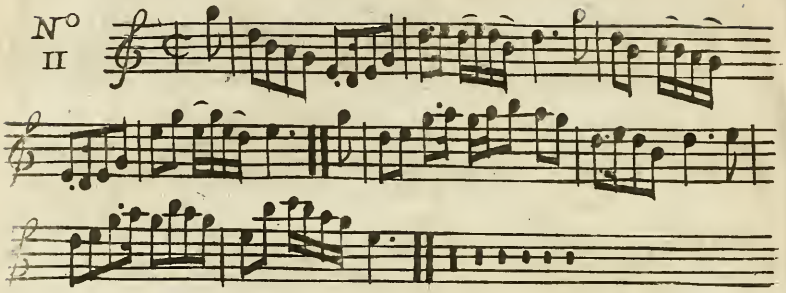


The last time I came o'er the Moor



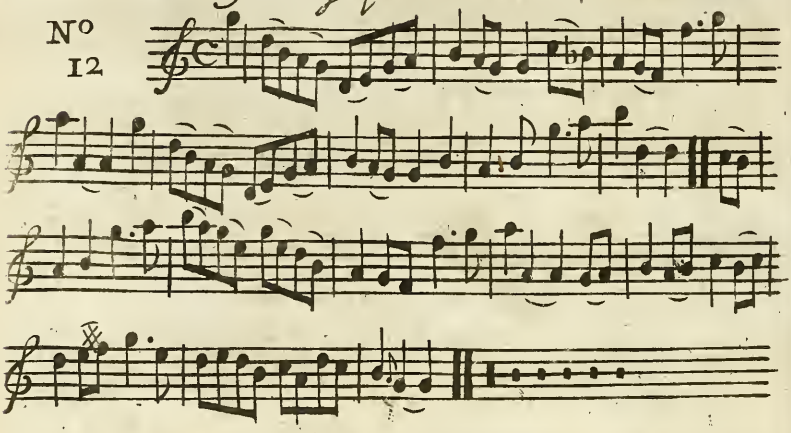
Come hap me with thy Pettycoat

N° 11



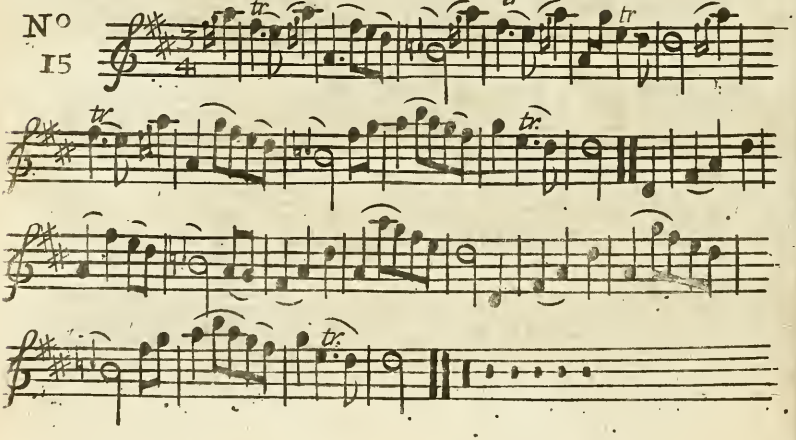
Bonny *Christy*

N° 12

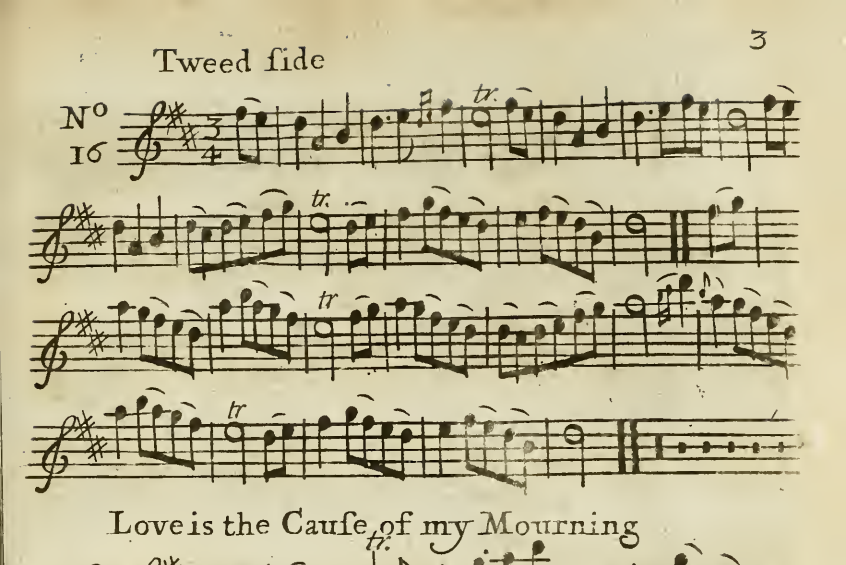


Blink o'er the Burn

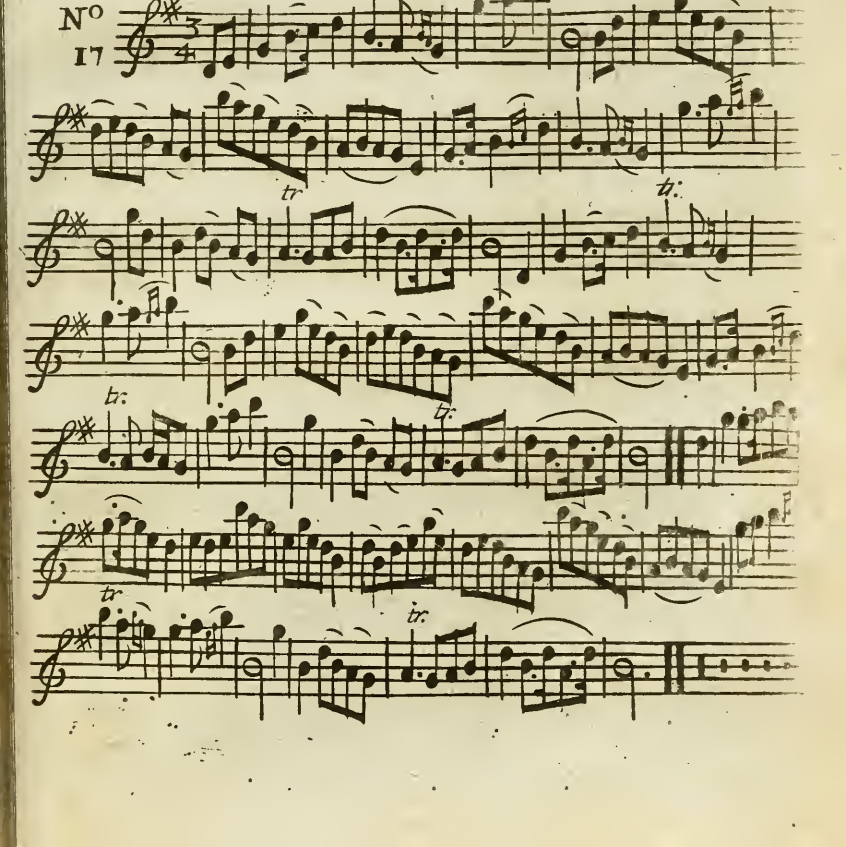
N° 15



Tweed ſide

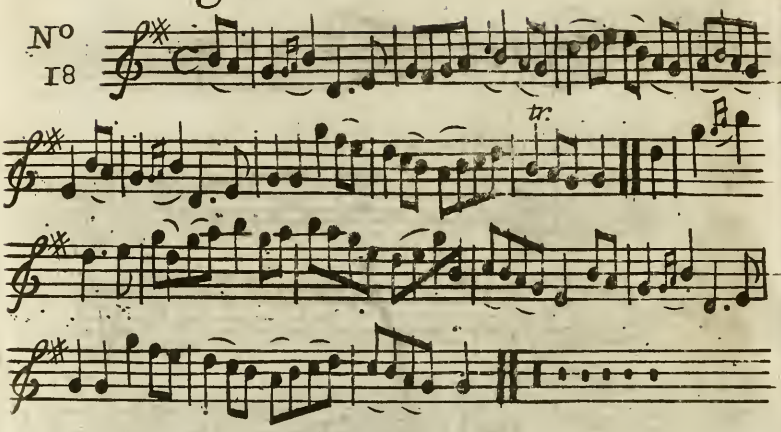


Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning



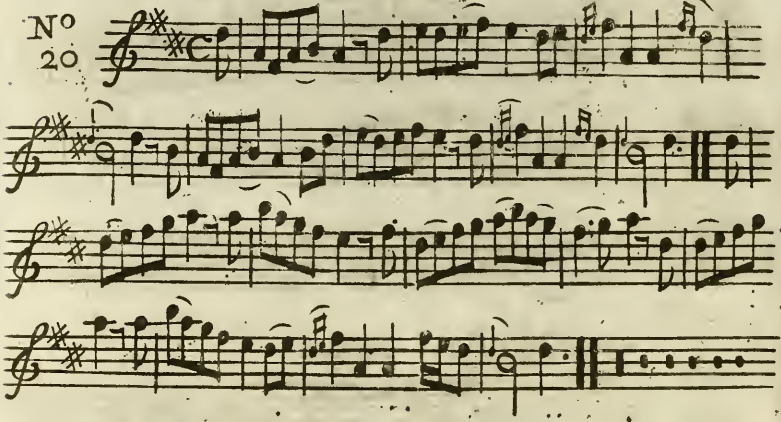
Bonny *Jean*

N° 18



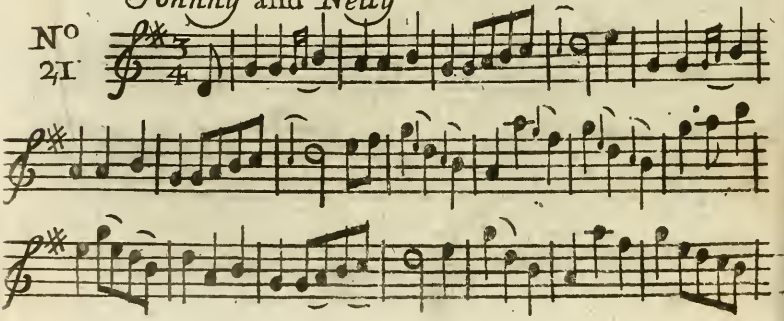
The Mill Mill ..O

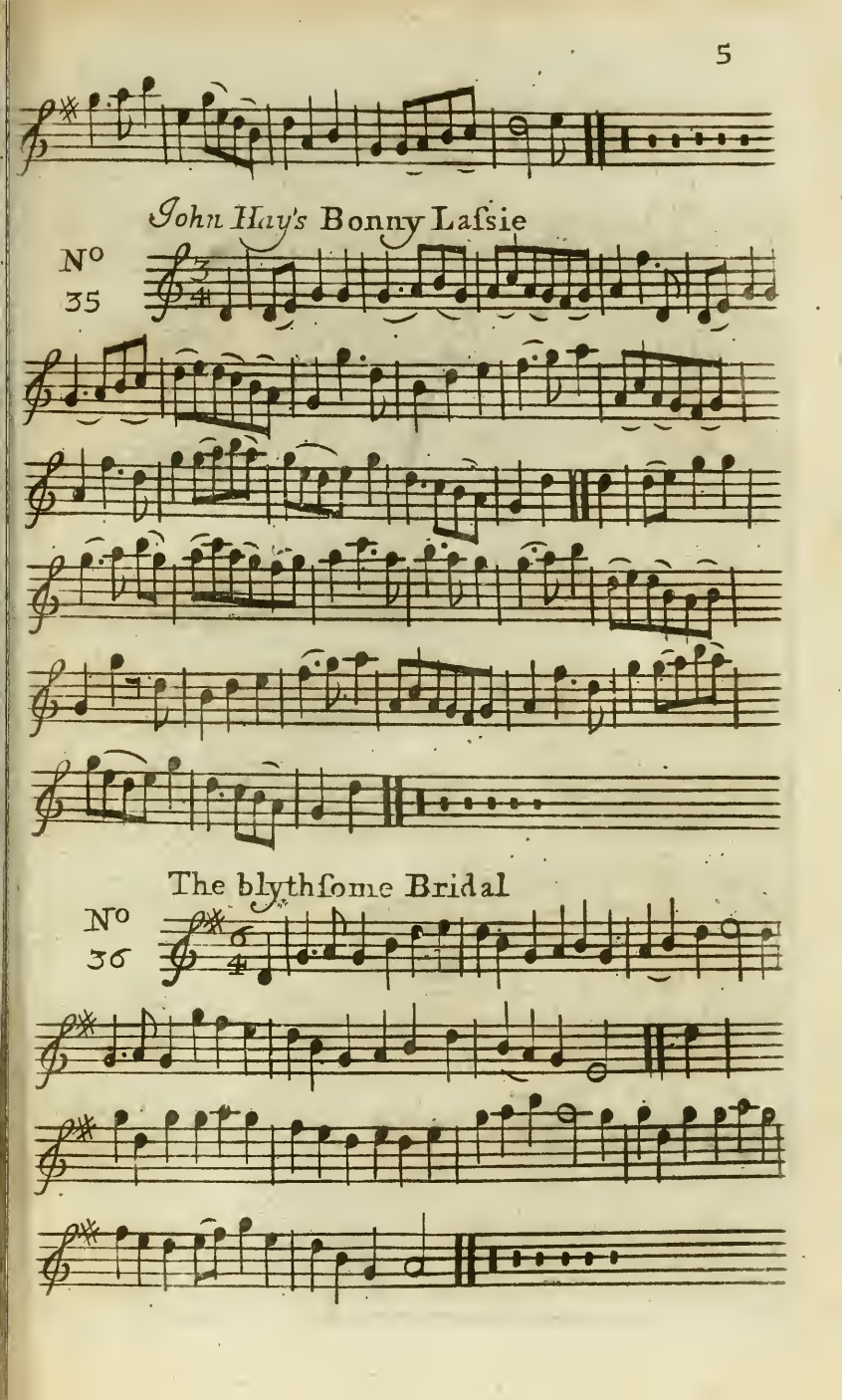
N° 20



Johnny and *Nelly*

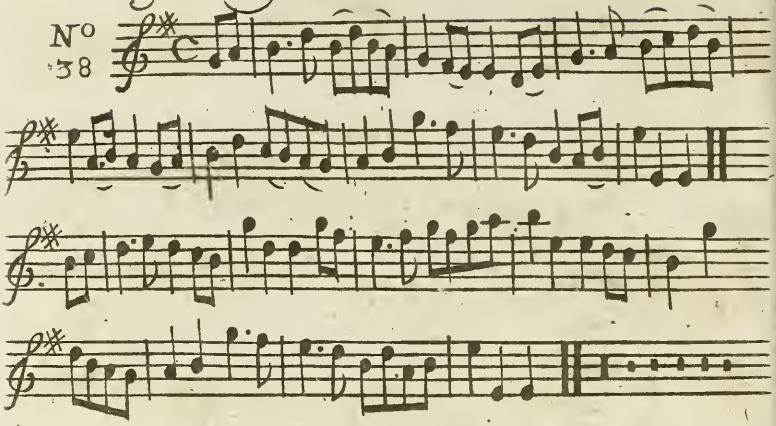
N° 21




John Hay's Bonny Lasſie
N° 35
The blythſome Bridal
N° 36

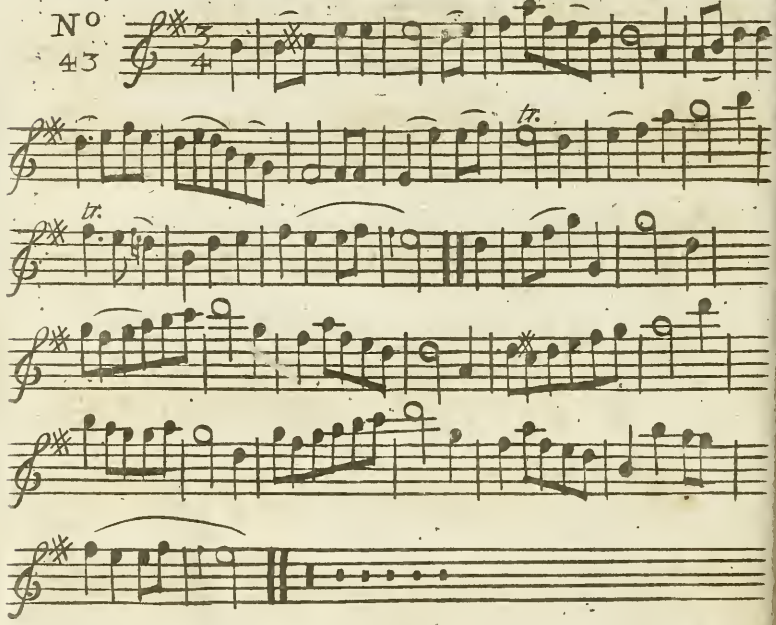
My Nanny O

No 38



The Gaberlunzie Man

No 43



A TABLE of the SONGS in the firſt Volume.